SUN GOLD

ALICE COOPER BAILEY

$2.00

SUN GOLD

By Alice Cooper Bailey

Sun Gold, to Cynthia and Jerry Jayne, is only another word for happiness. It leads them from a little New England farm to the shores of Hawaii, their mother's girlhood home. There, determined not to reveal their identity, nor to ask any assistance of their grandfather, they find themselves swept into unforeseen experiences and exciting adventures.

In the end, Cynthia and Jerry discover that it is through their grandfather that their quest for sun gold meets with success.

Alice Cooper Bailey, the author of this delightful book for boys and girls in their 'teens, is the daughter of Henry E. Cooper, often referred to as 'Hawaii's George Washington,' and is thoroughly familiar with Hawaiian life.

Illustrated

The Riverside Press Cambridge

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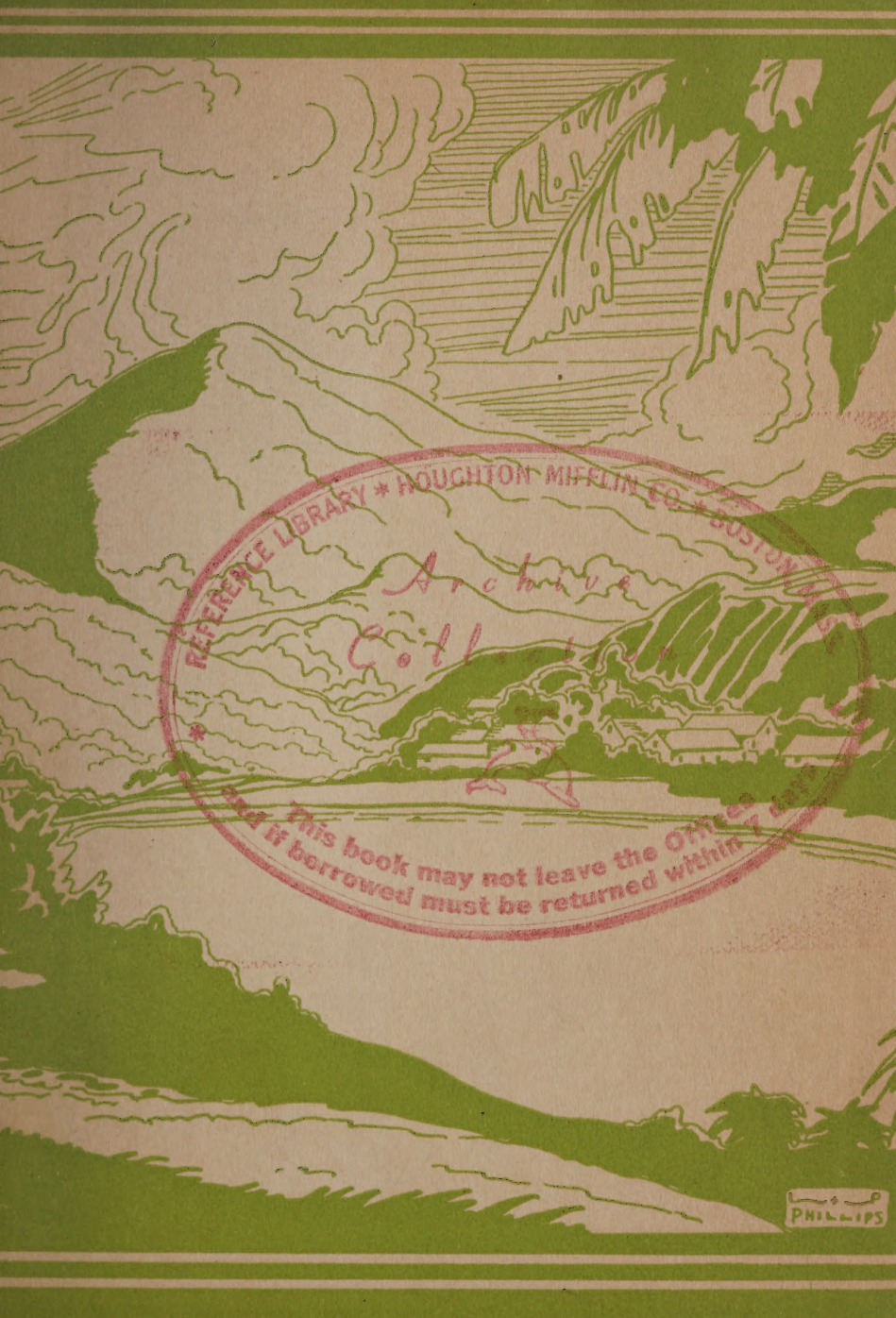
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SUN GOLD

CYNTHIA, STANDING ON THE TOP STEP OF MISS CORBETT'S BUNGALOW, FLUTTERED HER HANDKERCHIEF TO JERRY

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SUN GOLD

A Story of the Hawaiian Islands

BY

ALICE COOPER BAILEY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

LORETTA AND PRENTICE PHILLIPS

Boston and New York

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1930

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CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
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SUN GOLD

CHAPTER I

ATTIC SECRETS

A FEW weeks before, all New England had shivered under a blanket of snow; but now spring had come with a rush, and nowhere had it worked greater magic than in Clayton, a sleepy little New England village in southern Massachusetts. Already the dogwood and the fringe trees hung white along the river, and the meadows were carpeted with dog-toothed violets and wild lady's-slippers. Purple and yellow irises were in bloom, and the misty blue larkspurs had budded. But loveliest of all was the garden about Little House, a quaint English cottage with a steep gabled roof, that stood on the outskirts of the village. Over a trellised arbor wistaria drooped its clusters of flowers, and silver-moon roses, putting forth new growth, clambered over the great brick chimney. Forget-me-nots, like bits of the sky, lined the path that led to the apple orchard, from which came the fluttering

chirps and twitters of nesting birds — orioles, wrens, and finches.

Suddenly a window in the attic of Little House was flung open, and Cynthia Jayne, a young girl of seventeen, with a pale clear skin and a mass of unruly red hair that tumbled in tantalizing curls about her broad forehead, leaned far out over the sill. Her wide laughing brown eyes were curiously quiet as she gazed down into the garden, for it was her mother who had created it out of an old neglected pasture. To-day even the wind, brushing across the flower heads, seemed to be whispering her name. 'Cherilla! Cherilla!'

Cynthia's breath caught in a sob. She was picturing her mother as she had last seen her in the garden, wearing a big floppy shade hat and carrying a rake, going in and out among the beds, scratching up the soil, cutting off the dead stalks and seed pods, and scattering the seeds back into shallow furrows. Now all these seeds had sprouted. Strange that they should have burst into life just as her mother had died!

Cynthia half-closed her eyes. Ever since she could remember she had lived in Clayton, and now she and her brother Jerry were going away, and strangers would come to Little House and walk in her mother's garden. With an impatient gesture, Cynthia pushed the moist curls off her

forehead and drew a deep breath of the fragrant air. She mustn't let Jerry see the tears in her eyes. After all, going to Hawaii wasn't like going to a strange country. It had been her mother's girlhood home. If only their grandfather ——

Before finishing the sentence in her own mind, Cynthia had turned abruptly from the window. 'Jerry,' she cried out in a husky voice, 'do you suppose when Grandfather finds we've come to Hawaii to live, that he'll think it's because we hope — to — to get some of his money?'

Her brother was standing across the room from her before a row of shelves that were crowded with bottles, boxes, and trays, holding an odd assortment of dead beetles, insects, rare butterflies, specimens of shells and corals — all the sacred treasures of his childhood.

'Guess you needn't worry about that,' Jerry said quietly. 'He probably doesn't know that we exist.'

For a moment there was silence in the attic, broken only by the inquisitive voice of a bumble bee buzzing for admittance at the dusty windowpane. Then, without looking up at Jerry, Cynthia said, 'I think I ought to tell you that I wrote to Grandfather.'

'You wrote to him?'

'Yes.'

'But why, Cynthia? Did you tell him that we were planning to live in the islands?'

'Oh, no, no,' Cynthia denied indignantly. 'It was before Mother died. I wrote asking him to lend us money enough for Mother's operation, and to see that she had everything that was needed. I told him that I had just graduated from Normal School, but that I would repay him as soon as possible.'

'And did he ——'

'He didn't even bother to answer my letter,' Cynthia interrupted bitterly. 'To think, Jerry, that Mother was the only daughter he had in the world, and that he disinherited her because she ran away and married—our father. Poor old Dad! I only wish he could have lived long enough to have proved he wasn't a good-for-nothing! Well, perhaps Grandfather did hear what a sensation his first painting — you know, the one of the "Tambourine Girl" — made in Paris.'

With firm, quick blows, Jerry hammered into place the top of a packing-box into which he had stowed some of his finest botanical specimens. Then, straightening himself, he announced emphatically, 'There's one thing — we're going to prove to Grandfather that we ourselves don't want, or don't need his help.'

'You're not angry with me, Jerry?' Cynthia asked wistfully.

'No. I know you did it for Mother's sake. If Mr. Campbell hadn't offered to advance us whatever we wanted, I might in desperation have appealed to him myself.' Jerry paused for a moment; then added slowly, 'After all, I wonder if we ought to sell this place.'

'Why, Jerry,' Cynthia said gently, noting the troubled look in her brother's eyes, 'Mother wanted us to go; and then, anyway, we can't afford to keep this house. The roof needs repairs, the furnace won't last through another winter — and then there's our debt to be paid.'

'Well, I might try farming the land, putting a few of the theories I've been learning at college to practical use. Only trouble is, I'd need some capital to invest in up-to-date machinery.'

Cynthia's face clouded. 'Oh, don't go any deeper into debt, Jerry. It's such a responsibility, borrowing other people's money. I won't be happy until every penny we owe now is paid back.'

'It's for you that I'm afraid, not for myself,' Jerry said quickly. 'Out there in the islands, I might have difficulty in getting a job right away.'

'You mustn't think of me, Jerry. If it's too late to get a position as teacher in one of the

public schools, I can start a kindergarten class of my own.'

'I wish I could give you the kind of home that Mother had out there,' Jerry said, a hint of wistfulness in his voice. 'I'm afraid there won't be any line of pig-tailed Chinamen standing around to wait on you.'

'I'm sure I wouldn't know what to do with a lot of servants,' Cynthia laughed. 'Anyway, there aren't any pig-tailed Chinamen nowadays. They all cut off their queues when China became a republic. With your head forever in a mouldy old book, you don't know much about worldly affairs, do you?' And Cynthia laughed again.

It was the first time since their mother's death that Jerry had heard his sister laugh aloud. She had only actually wept once, and that was when she learned that her mother couldn't live. Sobbing convulsively like a child, she had flung herself into his arms, but after that he had often seen her going about with clenched fists, and he knew what was bottled up inside her. She had always been a stoical little thing. He recalled the day she had walked straight into a hornets' nest, and had been viciously attacked and stung by the resentful owners. Her cheeks were so puffed out that she couldn't laugh at herself, but,

as he daubed wet mud all over her face, she had managed to gasp, 'Guess I'd make a beau-ti-ful scarecrow.'

Cynthia had always adored her brother. He was only two years older than she was, yet she turned to him for advice whenever anything went wrong. The touch of his strong arm about her shoulder, a pat of his hand on her curly head was the only show of sympathy that she had ever demanded of him. She knew then that if any damage had been done which was mendable, Jerry would mend it.

Except for the contour of their faces, these two bore little resemblance to one another. Cynthia had inherited her mother's features and coloring, even to the faint sprinkling of freckles across the bridge of her nose. Jerry was tall and lean and lithe, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on him. He had deep-set gray eyes, a rather long nose, and a fine brow under fair hair that had a rebellious kink in it — a kink that he had long since despaired of undoing.

'I must hurry and finish up my work,' Cynthia remarked as she knelt down on the floor beside Jerry. 'My brain's getting as cobwebby as this old attic.'

'This is my last job for to-day,' Jerry replied. 'Another hour and I'll be through. I'm going to

give all these specimens of mine to the Clayton High School. Davis promised to take them there on his way to town to-morrow.'

'Then I'll have time to go through this trunk,' Cynthia said, unlocking and opening a battered old leather trunk that still proudly bore the labels of foreign places — Vienna, Rome, Florence — divine names that set her dreaming of blue seas and bluer skies, visions that her own mother and father had beheld in reality during the first blissful years of their married life.

'This had better go to Mrs. Hansen,' she mused, pulling an old crazy-quilt from the top tray. 'She's suffering terribly with rheumatism, and — why, here's dear old Belinda,' she added, with a catch in her voice, as a bedraggled rag doll with an ecstatic smile on her flat, painted face rolled out from the folds of the quilt. 'Remember the day you rescued her from the Temples' bulldog, Jerry?'

'Is a fellow likely to forget when he has to wear a patch in his best trousers for months after?' Jerry asked in return, and an amused twinkle flared up in his eyes that belied the intense seriousness of his mouth.

Cynthia laughed softly. 'That was a pretty poor reward for having risked your life. Well, Belinda, you shall go and spend the rest of your

days with Molly Wheeler. That funny crooked smile of yours ought to cheer up anybody.'

Then, emerging from the depths of the trunk with a small oil painting, Cynthia sat back on her heels and examined it critically.

It portrayed a scene in the woods. It was early autumn, and the sun, streaming through the leaves of great trees, veiled them in a misty light, and touched the path beneath with mellow gold. Across one corner of it was scrawled the name — Jeremiah Jayne — and beneath was the inscription 'Sun Gold.'

'It's one of Father's paintings,' Cynthia explained to Jerry, getting up and carrying it to the window, for already the light was beginning to fade from the attic. 'He's called it "Sun Gold." Sun Gold,' she repeated, as if she was trying to recapture some almost forgotten memory; and there flashed into her mind a game her mother had often played with her when she was very young. 'Remember, Cynthia, that if you want happiness very much, you can always have it, even if you haven't any earth gold in your pockets. Just keep your heart filled with sun gold. Come along, now, for mine is brimming over. Let's see what happiness there is for sale to-day.' Then her mother would look down at her and laugh softly, and, taking her by the hand,

lead her out into the meadow behind Little House. There they would romp and play together for hours at a time, chasing butterflies, or dancing like thistledown blown on the wings of the wind, or now and then launching boats, made of strips of bark with leaves for sails and a cargo of acorns, on the river. Finally they would sink down in the long grass to rest and watch the clouds go drifting by.

Cynthia hadn't fully understood the philosophy of her mother's words at the time, and even yet she was not ready to accept the whole truth of it. Earth gold seemed very necessary. Because of the lack of it, Jerry had had to leave college in the midst of his course, and now they were being forced to sell their home.

Tying a strip of heavy cotton cloth around the painting, Cynthia put it among the things that were to be carried to Mrs. Temple's storeroom until some future time. Then she returned to her work.

'What shall I do with all these?' Cynthia asked, gazing in despair at the confused heap of letters and papers all about her. Then, in breathless excitement, she added, 'I do believe this is Great-Grandmother's diary.' She had picked up a packet of papers, slightly yellowed with age and tied with a bit of ribbon. 'Her

name and the date are up in one corner, "Abigail Pearson, March 20, 1820." Why, Jerry, that's a hundred years ago. There's something else written down here. It's all so terribly faded, I'm not quite sure — yes, it's "Brig Thaddeus."' Her hair had loosened, and one stray curl had fallen over her shoulder, making her appear even younger than she was. A smudge of dirt smeared one flushed cheek, but she was quite unmindful of it.

'Brig Thaddeus,' Jerry repeated. 'That's right. It's the name of the ship on which she went to Hawaii. Great-Grandmother was a missionary, you know.'

Cynthia nodded. 'Yes, I remember. Mother once took me to the old Park Street Church in Boston — that was while you were away at college. We sat in the same pew in which Great-Grandmother had knelt to say her prayers just before leaving Boston. Perhaps it's in this very diary that she wrote down that she was "in the first pew right under the nose of good Dr. Worcester." You know, Jerry, it almost seems like an omen — my finding this to-day.'

'Well, if it is, I hope it's a good one,' Jerry smiled. 'Perhaps some one will pay us a good round sum for this place so that we'll be able to start off with a bank account in our names.'

'Just let me put these letters away in that box over there, and then I'll read you what Great-Grandmother has written of her trip to Hawaii,' Cynthia said, getting to her feet.

Hurriedly finishing up her work, Cynthia then settled herself comfortably with her back against the trunk, and, opening up the diary, remarked, 'Great-Grandmother was only nineteen when she set out on her long journey, and it was a long journey, for listen to this:

'"'For one hundred and fifty-seven days we have sailed the high seas, and for the most part the winds have been unfavorable. We have tossed and rolled so that we have all been under the horror of seasickness. And since we waved our last farewells to our dear families in Boston Harbor where we embarked, we have seen nothing but a few barques like our own, some monsters of the deep, and the wide-spread heavens. Can you imagine with what joy I now stand upon the deck and see before me the long-looked-for island of Hawaii, the goal of our desires?"'

'Things have speeded up since Great-Grandmother's day,' Jerry interrupted. 'It will take us eleven days to get there, going overland and then by boat from San Francisco.'

'And I suppose,' Cynthia added, with a little

smile, 'that *our* great-grandchildren will fly there in two or three.'

'Guess you're right, at that,' Jerry agreed, as he stacked his boxes in orderly piles on the landing.

Cynthia returned to her reading. '"I cannot believe that I am on earth again. Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Lucy, with whom I am to live, brought but little furniture with them, but at least we have beds to sleep in, real beds with springs. Our trunks must serve in turn as dressing-tables, writing-tables, and dinner-tables, while our only chairs are up-ended boxes. But nothing matters now that we have firm ground under our feet and a roof over our heads, even though that roof is of grass and provides a meal for every stray goat. You would laugh if you could see our house, for it is lacking in ceiling, floor, and chimney. But it is a home nevertheless, and we women folk have been busy making it liveable.

'"Poor Aunt Lucy was dreadfully shocked when the native girl who was sent by the Queen to assist us in our housekeeping arrived arrayed only in a strip of some peculiar stiff cloth that barely reached from her waist to her knees. Aunt Lucy is determined to organize a sewing circle at once to devise some sort of garment to

cover her more decently. The Queen, herself, is most enthusiastic that we cut and make a dress for her after the fashion of our own. As she is a veritable giantess, I fear we shall have our difficulties.

"'The natives are all like children and stand for hours at a time outside our fence, gaping through the palings, watching every move we make. They have never seen anything like our little cookstoves, or our smoothing irons, and seem particularly interested in them. When we venture into the streets, they come out of their own houses, that look more like untidy haystacks than human habitations, and follow us about, touching our clothes and peering up under our bonnets to get a glimpse of our pale faces.

"'Even the King has displayed great eagerness to know how we live. On his first visit to us, he threw himself without ceremony down on Uncle Ephraim's bed, jouncing himself from side to side, roaring with delight at the way in which the springs bounded him back. I find that the bed to which the King has been accustomed is but a pile of braided mats upon a hard wooden frame. I dared not look at Aunt Lucy's face during the King's exhibition. In private I now set down that I am much afraid that Aunt Lucy has not an understanding soul.

'"Indeed, 'twas with difficulty that I maintained my dignity when the King took his departure. As if it had been a coach-and-four, he climbed into a two-wheeled cart, painted bright blue within, seated himself so that his kingly legs hung out from the rear, and was speeded away by his attendants, his wives being forced to run to keep up with him."

'Oh, dear,' Cynthia exclaimed as the clock on the landing struck five. 'I had no idea it was so late. Guess I'll take this diary down with me. Perhaps we can read some more of it this evening. Supper in an hour,' she added, and ran lightly down the stairs.

When they sat down to supper, old Joshua Newcombe, a retired sea captain who lived within sight of Little House, shuffled in through the kitchen and stopped in the dining-room doorway.

'Come in, Captain,' Cynthia called happily to him. 'You're just in time to try a piece of my sponge cake.'

The Captain sidled awkwardly into the room and sat down in the chair that Jerry hastened to pull up to the table for him.

'Waal, waal, Miss Cynthie,' he said, 'this be nice of you. Smells powerful good,' he added, as Cynthia set a plate of cake before him. 'So you an' Jerry be a-goin' to leave us, eh?'

'Yes, Captain.'

'Humph! Them islands look mighty small on the map. Looked 'em up out 'er curiosity. Found 'em jest a lot of yaller dots in a putty big ocean. Don't seem's though thar was room to step ashore.'

Cynthia bubbled into a little gush of laughter. 'You're not a bit complimentary to my feet, Captain. The island where we land is ~~one hundred and twenty five~~ fifty miles long.'

'You don't say! Sartin' sure that's big enough to hold a slip of a gal like you. But look sharp, an' don't let them natives make mince meat out 'er you like they did out'er Capt'n Cook.'

Cynthia and Jerry greeted this sally with laughter, and Jerry hastened to assure the Captain that he'd have a weather eye out for cannibals.

As soon as he had consumed his cake, which was done with great gusto, Captain Newcombe pushed back his chair, and, rising with much shuffling and scraping of his feet, he remarked, 'Waal, by gorry, if I ain't plumb forgettin' what I come for. Basset down to the village asked me to stop by on my way home an' tell Mr. Jerry that the lady that was considerin' turnin' this place into a high-falutin' tea-house, has agreed to take it, lock, stock, an' barrel.'

Jerry jerked up his head and squared his shoulders as if he had received a blow. Then he said in a husky voice, 'Thank you, Captain.'

For a moment Cynthia did not move; then she asked tremulously, 'You mean — you mean the lady from Boston?'

'Miss Appleton's the one,' responded the Captain.

'Oh, I'm so glad,' Cynthia said softly, but she was not speaking to the Captain. She was talking to Little House as if it were a human being. 'I couldn't bear it — if some horrid ugly person had bought you.'

CHAPTER II

ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE

'Like Cinderella, I'm afraid the clock will strike twelve and, instead of being in San Francisco, I'll find myself back in Clayton,' Cynthia laughed, as she and Jerry passed through a narrow entrance gate to the pier where the steamer Manchuria was moored.

Cynthia was wearing a dark-green cloth suit, and a small felt hat to match, with an orange feather that curled softly down over one cheek. Jerry thought she looked very lovely.

'Can't write in our diaries that we've seen nothing but the widespread heavens, can we?' he grinned. 'Guess we might as well go aboard.'

To Cynthia the very air seemed charged with excitement. Though it was a warm day in late August, every one was hurrying about, from the husky stevedores who were stowing trunks in the hold of the steamer to the silk-coated Chinese stewards who shuffled back and forth the length of the deck, carrying armfuls of flowers, or delivering last-minute telegrams and letters.

Suddenly some one whisked their suitcases and rugs out of their hands, and Cynthia and Jerry found themselves a part of the laughing, scram-

bling mass of humanity that was boarding the big liner.

'Why don't you stay on deck,' Jerry suggested, 'while I go below and find out where our cabins are?'

'All right. I'll wait here on this deck,' Cynthia replied, moving to the rail so that she could look across the bay.

A flock of gray gulls circled noisily over her head. For a time Cynthia watched them as they rose to great heights, and then wheeled and swooped down to the surface of the water, to snatch greedily at any bits of food. Then her attention was drawn to a young boy and girl who were coming up the gangway followed by two or three stewards laden with luggage. The boy was about sixteen years old, short and stocky, but splendidly built. His coal-black hair was closely cropped, his eyes were dark and sullen-looking, and his jaw was astonishingly square. The girl was a tall slim creature, with a skin like jasmine and dark audacious eyes, and yet there was an almost startling resemblance between the two. She was dressed in vivid red, except for a smart top-coat of tan that she carried over one arm.

'Hurry, Jerry,' Cynthia called softly, as she saw her brother returning. 'You're just in time to see the Prince and Princess.'

'What Prince ——?'

'Sh! Here they are,' Cynthia warned, as he took his place beside her.

'Where on earth are our staterooms?' the girl asked petulantly, as she swept past Cynthia and then stopped abruptly. 'Not on the port side, I hope.'

'Oh, help, Adele,' her companion returned in an exasperated tone. 'They are right here where you wanted them. The two most expensive rooms on the ship.'

As a steward threw open one of the cabin doors, Cynthia and Jerry caught a fleeting glimpse of the interior of the room. It was luxuriously furnished and filled with flowers — baskets, vases, boxes of them. Cynthia saw the girl Adele bend over a box or two, examine the cards, and then shove them fretfully aside and slam the door.

Cynthia sighed. 'Whoever they are, Jerry, they don't seem a bit happy.'

'Couple of spoiled children, I should say,' Jerry remarked.

Just then the girl flounced out of her cabin. She had taken off her hat. Her thick curly black hair was cut short like a child's.

'Come along, Tom,' the girl called, rattling the door of her brother's cabin which was next to her own. Now that she was in a more amiable frame

of mind there was a low musical quality in her voice.

'Oh, all right, I'm coming.' Tom was evidently still in a disagreeable mood.

As Tom rushed out of his cabin, Jerry, whose attention had been caught by a hydroplane heading out to sea, moved suddenly across the deck, to better his point of vantage. The result was that the two young men bumped unceremoniously into one another with such force that Tom lost his footing and in recovering himself tripped over a stanchion. Jerry turned with a friendly apology on his lips.

'Clumsy!' sputtered the stranger, a deep angry red flooding his dark cheeks. 'Can't you look where you're going?'

Then he and Adele were gone, and Cynthia and Jerry were left to stare wonderingly at each other.

'Whew!' Jerry laughed. 'He's as fiery as one of the island volcanoes, I should say.'

'I don't like him,' Cynthia answered seriously. 'It was just as much his fault as yours.'

A gong sounded. People began to dash frenziedly up and down the gangway, waving good-byes and calling out farewell messages.

'All ashore that's going ashore,' came the warning cry of a man's deep voice.

Jerry looked at his watch, a large old-fashioned one that had once belonged to his father. 'We ought to be moving in fifteen minutes.'

Cynthia could feel the vibrations of the ship's engines far below her, and she could hear the grinding of chains and the hoarse shouts of the stevedores as they cast off the hawsers that held the ship to the pier.

'We're off.' Cynthia nearly sang the words, as a patch of dirty oily water showed between the vessel's side and the pier.

Overhead the blue sky was checkered with clouds like bales of white wool. In the distance, the turrets of Alcatraz, the military prison that stood on an island in the bay and might have been a Bluebeard's castle, sparkled and glittered in the blaze of the noonday sun. Looking back Cynthia could see the rooftops of San Francisco. Very faintly she could hear the screech of the cable cars as they reversed on the turntable before the Ferry Building and started on their return trip up Market Street.

In a little while they had passed through the Golden Gate; the Farallones, a cluster of sharp black rocks, the last peaks of the Coast Range, were looming up ahead.

There was a sudden chill in the air, and Jerry went down to his cabin for a robe.

'Want something to read?' he questioned, as he tucked his sister into a steamer chair.

Cynthia shook her head. 'No. But you'd better tell me where the library is, so that any time that I miss you I'll know where to find you.'

Jerry smiled. 'There's just one case of books at the end of the main saloon. Guess I'll go down and see what there is.'

Left alone, Cynthia fell to wondering about the people who were to be her shipmates for the next six days. Who were they all, and from where had they come?

There were several little children with their nurses; a couple of noisy, long-legged boys who had already set out to investigate every nook and cranny of the ship from the galley to the bridge; a large number of men and women who had not yet displayed any particular characteristics by which Cynthia might label them. From fragments of conversation that she overheard, she learned that the tall, pale-faced man was an Englishman and the owner of a large rubber plantation in Sumatra; that the one who, with his shiny bald head, made her think of Humpty Dumpty, was a French priest returning to his work among the natives of the South Sea Islands; and that the two yellow-haired, blue-eyed girls were sisters, starring together in vaudeville.

Cynthia watched them all until Jerry came to take her to lunch.

'Seats two and four at table six,' Jerry announced, showing his tickets to Cynthia. 'I saw a long line of people waiting outside the purser's office, and found we had to get our reservations there.'

At table they found themselves opposite the vaudeville actresses and between two nice old ladies. The actresses left rather hurriedly before the meal was over, mumbling something about not being hungry, but Cynthia noticed that in spite of their rouge they looked pale.

'We're running into a heavy wind,' Jerry said. 'The steamer's pitching quite a bit. Feel all right?'

'Never better, Jerry. I don't mind it a bit.'

When Cynthia returned on deck, she found that most of the young people had taken possession of the deck assigned to sports. Some of them were throwing quoits or playing shuffleboard, while still more ambitious ones were dancing to the strains of a Hawaiian orchestra in spite of the roll of the ship.

Cynthia saw that it was Adele who was the leader of them all. She herself was fascinated by this girl, who was unlike any one she had ever known. She seemed like a fountain of restless

energy and swift moods. She was intensely alive, and she was never still, getting up and sitting down, laughing and chatting vivaciously, and the next instant looking out from under her long dark lashes with brooding sullenness. Her quick nervous movements reminded Cynthia of a humming-bird, ever on the wing, flitting from flower to flower, darting from one end of the garden to the other, flying back again to some forgotten flower, and whirring off again.

Once Cynthia felt the girl's eyes surveying her coolly, as if she had been something marked 'for sale.' She wanted to jerk the tie of her blouse into place, and straighten the locks of her hair that the wind had whipped loose from under her hat, but Adele's inspection of her lasted but a minute. As she turned away, Cynthia was quite aware from her manner that she had not met with Adele's approval. Cynthia gave a little puzzled sigh. Back in Clayton it had not mattered that her dress was remodeled from an old suit of her mother's.

Just before dinner, Cynthia found Jerry in the corner of the saloon referred to as the library. 'We're just not in the swim,' she confided to him, as she perched herself on the arm of his chair.

It had never occurred to Jerry that any one

might really appraise them by the cut of their clothes, so he answered her lightly: 'We have our bathing-suits with us. There's nothing to prevent us from jumping in if you want.'

Cynthia laughed. 'I don't care, Jerry. It's fun being a spectator. After all, there's no use denying that I'm only a country bumpkin beginning to emerge from my shell,' she added playfully. Then, turning over the cover of his book so that she could read the title, she asked, 'What's it all about?'

'Polypi, gastropods, and cowries.'

'You're welcome to them all,' Cynthia said gayly. 'Think of all the books you'll be able to read here without interruption. Five more days! Isn't it heavenly!'

Just then a door was flung open and a group of young people burst into the room. One of the girls was singing under her breath the absurd words of one of the latest hits on Broadway. Her companion, a tall, dark-haired, loose-jointed youth, dropped onto the piano stool and caught up the refrain on the keyboard, emphasizing the rhythm of it by tapping the floor with one foot. Almost immediately the others gathered close about him and added their voices to the chorus.

No one had noticed Cynthia and Jerry. Cynthia was in a great winged chair with her

back to them, and Jerry was hidden from view by a projecting bookcase.

At the end of the second chorus, some one exclaimed, 'Good Heavens! What awful screech owls! Five more days of this and I'll go crazy!'

The music stopped abruptly. The boy at the piano jerked himself around on the stool with a pained expression on his face. He really was very proud of his ability to tickle the keys. 'Well, Adele, what can you suggest, then?' he asked.

'Nothing,' Adele replied with an impatient shrug of her slim shoulders. 'We've done everything there is to do.'

'Oh, tell us not so,' intoned the youth gloomily.

'Why not get up a masquerade?' some one suggested with a show of enthusiasm.

Adele gave the speaker a scornful glance. 'Oh, Peter, how could you? All those people out there are funny enough as they are. I don't think even old Noah would want to claim that their clothes came out of his ark.'

One of the girls tittered.

'Oh, come now, Adele, is it quite as bad as that?' And there was banter in the boyish voice that questioned her.

'I suppose you'd like me to make an exception of that sweet sugary little thing with the red hair

and big brown eyes whom I saw you staring at all through luncheon,' Adele retorted. 'You may be a good judge of cattle, Jack, but you don't know anything about clothes. That green thing she was wearing to-day never even heard of Fifth Avenue.'

Cynthia felt her cheeks grow hot with anger, for she knew at once that Adele was referring to her.

'Well,' the boy challenged, 'whether or not I am an authority on dresses, I do know a peach when I see one.' And again there was a hint of jesting in his words.

Adele ignored him. 'Come along, Eleanor,' she called to one of the girls, as she flung herself out of her chair with a pretense of animation. 'It's beastly stuffy in here. Let's go out on deck. I'm going to play quoits with Jimmie.' There was just the slightest stress on the name Jimmie.

Cynthia heard a low chuckle from the boy who had championed her as he, too, left the room, and as if by intuition she sensed that Adele was piqued because she could not dominate him as she did the rest of her companions, and that he was the only one for whom she really cared a straw.

Cynthia was glad that Jerry had been so absorbed in his book that he did not hear Adele's

rude remarks. As for herself, she was determined to forget them. 'Sun gold,' she breathed softly to herself, as if she found strength in the words and the memories that came surging back to her with them. Then the laughter came back to her eyes, and, springing to her feet, she called, 'Time to brush up for dinner, Jerry.'

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH A FISH FLIES TO ADVANTAGE

It was early morning. Few of the passengers were yet awake, but Cynthia had already circled the deck twice. Now, as she started on the third lap, she halted suddenly with a little cry. There at her feet was a flying fish. For a moment Cynthia stood staring at the creature as it flopped helplessly about. It looked like a bit of the ocean itself with its iridescent blue scales and gauze-like wings. Then quickly she stooped and tried to gather it up in her hands, but it slipped away from her.

'Hello,' came a friendly voice close at her side. 'Let me help you.' Cynthia recognized the voice instantly, and, looking up, saw kneeling on the deck beside her a genial-faced boy with twinkling blue eyes. He had a shock of thick brown hair and a fresh brown skin that indicated a life spent out under the sun. 'Slippery as an eel!' the boy went on. 'There, I've got him. Overboard he goes,' and, leaning over the side of the ship, he dropped the fish back into the sea.

'Oh, it was beautiful,' Cynthia said. 'I've never seen one before.'

'A flying fish usually means that we're getting near home,' the boy offered, turning with a friendly smile to Cynthia. 'This fellow must have got a bit off his course. It's quite rare to have one come aboard as far from the islands as this. We shan't be sighting Diamond Head for two days yet. Ever been out to the islands before?'

'No, this is my first trip.'

'You're Cynthia Jayne, and you're from New England, aren't you?' the boy questioned further with a smile, and showing two rows of perfect white teeth.

'You're very wise, but may I ask how you know this? I didn't know that I was wearing a label.'

The boy laughed. 'Just a hobby of mine,' he explained, 'figuring out who people are. Simply go through the passenger list and try to hitch the right names on the right people. I'll have to confess that, in your case, I happened to see the initials on your suitcase. You came up the gangway ahead of me. The only name that fitted was Cynthia Jayne. Easy, wasn't it?'

'But I'm still curious as to how you knew I was from New England,' Cynthia persisted. 'Did you hear me ordering baked beans and brown bread for my luncheon yesterday?'

'That wouldn't have proved anything if I had. All of the missionaries who came to the islands were from Boston, and taught the island people to eat beans. Gosh, we've had 'em every Saturday night since I can remember.'

Cynthia's eyes crinkled with amusement as she recalled her great-grandmother's delight at receiving 'a real Boston bean pot from one of my dear friends. Captain Bartlett of the whaling ship Zenith brought it to me personally,' she wrote in her diary, 'and for his kindness I have promised to invite him to partake of our first baking.'

'Well, then, how was it?' she asked.

'Perhaps you won't like it if I explain.'

'I promise not to be cross,' she urged him on. She wasn't afraid of what he might say after having so gallantly defended her the previous afternoon when Adele had sought to ridicule her.

'Well, it's this way. I haven't seen either you or your brother — he's the blond-haired chap who looks as if he had more brains in his head than all the rest of us put together, isn't he?'

'I'm beginning to think you're a real detective,' Cynthia laughed. 'Yes, he's my brother, and I agree with what you've just said of him. Professor Norton, who once took Jerry on a research trip through the Rocky Mountains, said that

he knew more about botany and all the other "ologies" than any one else in college.'

'So far, so good,' the boy went on. 'As I was saying, I haven't seen either one of you speak first to any one on board, nor make any attempt to join in the fun.'

'You don't understand,' Cynthia protested.

'Don't forget that I warned you that you might not like what I was going to say,' the boy continued frankly. 'I've always heard that New-Englanders must be formally introduced. Don't you think I was pretty brave to speak to you as I did just now, especially as none of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower?'

'Neither did mine,' Cynthia laughed softly. She did not take offense, for the boy was plainly teasing her. 'But really I'm not half as bad as you make me out to be. It's just that I've never had a chance to learn to dance or play cards, or do any of the things you do.'

'Bless that fish!' the boy grinned. 'I've been hoping for a chance to speak to you ever since we left San Francisco.'

'That's nice of you,' Cynthia said, turning impulsively toward the boy. 'I've had to work hard all my life. My father was an invalid and — and then my mother was crippled in a dreadful accident and died last spring.' She hesitated for

a moment; then went on, 'I don't even pretend to know what the latest show on Broadway is, what people are doing in Europe, or why every one is reading such and such a book; but if you like to hear about pruning trees, or making jelly, or feeding chickens, and making a living by selling eggs to summer residents, why, then I'm sure we'll be friends.'

'I'm sorry I teased you,' the boy broke in.

'Oh, that's all right. I'm only telling you this, because I can't bear to have you think that I don't want to make friends. But now it's your turn. I don't even know your name.'

'Jack McLean,' the boy said, giving her one of his sudden pleasant smiles; 'age, eighteen years and nine months, an islander born and bred. Dad and I live on a ranch over in Huapala. I've just been to the mainland buying cattle, for we had a bit of hard luck ourselves. Lost nearly everything in the last eruption.'

'What do you mean?'

'Mauna Loa, the big volcano, kicked up an awful row last April. Boiled right over and flowed down through our property. We had hoped that it would go as it always had — down through an uninhabited district to the sea. But it didn't. Whew! We could see the glow from it for miles around, and hear it coming, too. Gives

me the shivers even now to think of it. Remember the dragons the fairy tales used to tell us about — how they blew fire out of their mouths and noses and eyes?'

'Yes,' Cynthia said in a husky whisper. Little cold shivers were racing up and down her spine.

'Well, that's all I could think of — a great dragon crawling slowly down toward us, belching fire and smoke, and roaring, too. It got us all right; took all the ranch houses excepting our own home that stands a mile or two higher on a hilltop. The native cowboys did their best to get the cattle out of the barns. The creatures didn't know what it was all about. They were scared stiff. The men couldn't make them budge. They did manage to save the horses by putting blinders over their eyes. If they'd all gone, it would have broken Dad's heart.

'It doesn't happen very often, you know,' Jack said hastily, noticing that Cynthia's eyes were filled with horror. 'This is the first time in years that the volcano has done any real damage'

'It's all so different from anything I've ever known. I just can't picture it.'

A little pause fell between them. Then Jack laughed. 'After all, you know, there's an old saying, "It's an ill wind that blows no good."

The only lucky thing about all this was that Dad said I didn't need to go back to college. He was hurt during the flow when a big tree was uprooted and fell on his leg. He's still on crutches.'

'I'm sorry. But didn't you mind giving up college?' Cynthia asked, recalling her brother's keen disappointment when his own college career was cut short.

Jack shook his head vigorously. 'No, indeed. I hated the East, especially when the trees lost their leaves. I always felt as if I ought to go out and put some clothes on them to keep them from freezing to death.' He shrugged his broad shoulders and shivered.

Cynthia would have laughed if Jack hadn't looked so serious.

'I felt like a caged bird in a house with all the windows closed. I couldn't breathe,' Jack went on. 'To my landlady's disgust I'd turn on the radiator and then throw open the windows. Gee, but I used to get homesick for the old ranch house!' Then, looking up suddenly, he added, half apologetically, 'I forgot that you came from the East. I suppose you like all that.'

'Yes, yes,' Cynthia replied quickly, her eyes shining like stars; 'your naked trees mean that the snow will soon fly, and that there will be skating and coasting and skiing.' Before her

inward gaze there appeared the mill pond in Clayton, frozen solid, and she could hear almost as distinctly as she did last winter the muffled shouts and laughter of the skaters. She half-closed her eyes. She was listening to the crackle of the birch fire on the wide hearth in the kitchen of Little House where the skaters had come to get warmed. Her mother was on her knees with the light dancing on her rich red hair. She was laughing and holding up to the heat of the coals a piece of bread on the end of an old-fashioned toasting-fork.

'We'd always come in hungry as bears after a morning on the ice,' Cynthia said. 'I can't imagine what it will be like, never to see snow,' she ended with a little sob in her voice.

'Now I've gone and made you homesick,' Jack spoke gruffly. 'What made you leave it all and come ——'

'Because,' Cynthia began eagerly, then, with a startled look at Jack, changed the words that she was about to say, 'because we'd read a lot about Hawaii. Jerry's particularly interested in the soils, and thought that he might find something to do on one of the plantations. I came along to keep him company. If there's a chance, I'm going to teach.' She had been on the point of telling Jack that her mother had spent her child-

hood in the islands, but caught herself in time, for she and Jerry had agreed that the wisest thing for them was to keep their relationship to Colonel Gates, their grandfather, a secret.

'If you do teach, I hope that it will be on the island where Dad and I live — the Big Island, we call it. Whatever happens, though, you and your brother will have to come and visit us,' he added with the warm hospitality so characteristic of the islanders. . .

'You're very kind, Mr. McLean.'

'Won't you call me Jack?' the boy asked. 'After all, we aren't so frightfully old, you and I, even if you are to be a school-teacher and I'm a rancher.'

'Jack,' Cynthia repeated, her eyes dancing, 'who is this conceited-looking individual coming along the deck toward us?'

'You mean the chap with the black hair?'

'Yes. The one they call Tom.'

'I didn't suppose there was any one who didn't know him. He's old Colonel Gates's grandson, Thomas H. Gates, the third. His grandfather's the richest man in the islands.'

'Thomas — H. — Gates — the — third?' Almost mechanically, Cynthia said the name after him.

She wanted to laugh and cry all in the same

breath. She wondered why Jack didn't hear the hammering of her heart and see that she was trembling like a leaf. What would he do if she should suddenly turn to him and cry out that she, too, was a grandchild of Colonel Gates? Oh, how funny it all was! She and Jerry cousins of this Tom and Adele, the only two people on the ship who had been disagreeable to them. Steadying her voice, she said to Jack, 'Tell me more about him.'

'Well, of course, Tom's rotten spoiled. He wouldn't be half bad if he'd had a chance. But if Tom wanted the moon, his granddad would find some way of getting it down for him. The girl with the bobbed black hair is his twin sister Adele. She's a cyclone and a heavenly breeze all rolled into one. If she's your friend, she's a friend for life, but Heaven help you if she's not. Which reminds me, if I'm not on hand for a game of shuffleboard pretty soon, I'll probably lose my own head.'

'Please don't let me keep you, for that would be a tragedy.'

'I'm glad you feel that way about it,' Jack laughed. 'Before I go, however, you've got to promise to be my partner the next time we play.'

'I don't know anything about the game.'

'That doesn't matter. I'll teach you.'

'All right, then, if you really wish it.'

'Thanks. And, by the way, won't you and your brother take part in the sports this afternoon? There's to be a swimming meet. The sailors are already putting up the canvas tank on the lower deck.'

'I'm afraid I don't swim well enough, but I'm sure Jerry would like to. He won several swimming medals at college.'

'Hurrah! We need a dark horse. No matter how much handicap we give the other fellows, Tom's bound to win. He's got feet like paddles.'

Immediately Cynthia regretted having spoken so quickly. Though neither she nor Jerry had actually come in contact with Tom and Adele since the morning they had boarded the ship, she was conscious of the fact that these two, who by every right should have been their friends, were both strangely antagonistic toward her and Jerry. She would not willingly open the way for any further unpleasantness between the two boys, and from the little she already knew of Tom, he was not the kind to accept defeat agreeably.

'Suppose I put your brother down for the twenty-five yard dash and the long-distance diving,' Jack announced, noting it at the same time in his memorandum.

'You'd better talk with Jerry first. You may not be able to pry him away from his book.'

'Tell him I've written his name down in indelible pencil. Impossible to erase it, so he has no choice about the matter. The meet begins at two-thirty.' And with a wave of his hand, Jack was off.

Cynthia watched him go. There was something very likable about him. She wanted Jerry to know him. Then she turned and went swiftly to the library to find her brother.

'It's so nice always to be able to find you the minute I need you,' Cynthia said, as she crossed the room to his chair. 'I've got a very special reason for wanting to interrupt you this time.'

At sound of Cynthia's excited voice, Jerry put down his book. She perched herself on the arm of his chair and, leaning forward, whispered in his ear. 'Jerry, who do you think our Prince and Princess have turned out to be?'

'The Sultan of Turkey and ——'

'No, seriously.'

'I haven't the least idea, and I don't know that I'm very much interested.'

'Well, you will be as soon as I tell you what I've just learned.'

'Fire away.'

'They are our cousins, Jerry, Uncle Tom's children — Tom and Adele Gates.'

'What!' Jerry actually blinked his eyes. Though they had both known that their mother had had a brother, it had never entered their heads that he also might have had children. Perhaps it was because their mother, who was a great many years his junior, had rarely mentioned his name.

'If we'd read the passenger list ourselves,' Cynthia hurried on, 'we should have discovered this for ourselves long ago. See! Here they are — Thomas H. Gates, the third, and Adele K. Gates.'

'But how did you discover who they were?'

Briefly Cynthia told of her meeting with Jack McLean.

'I'm glad you didn't tell him of our relationship to the Gateses,' Jerry remarked. 'We're going to make our own way out in the islands, without asking favors from Grandfather.'

The first gong for luncheon sounded. Cynthia rose. 'I've got to straighten up my hair a bit. I'm blown to pieces. By the way, Jerry, I almost forgot to tell you that you are signed up for two swimming events this afternoon. Jack insisted that you were needed.'

'What's it to be — a short dash from here to Honolulu?'

Cynthia laughed. 'They're rigging up a tank

somewhere on the lower deck. You're to be ready at two-thirty.'

'I need a little exercise. I'll be there.'

Jerry liked to swim. His first strokes had been taken in a muddy creek at the end of the orchard back of Little House, but later he had learned the Australian crawl from one of his classmates, who strangely enough happened to be a full-blooded Hawaiian boy working his way through college by teaching swimming. Jerry remembered the long hours he had spent lying full-length on a smooth plank raised from the ground on wooden horses, holding his arms at just such an elevation, and revolving them from the shoulder sockets until he thought they'd break off.

'No, not like that — like this,' his instructor would cry out, and, throwing himself down on another plank, would go through the motions, slowly, gracefully, mumbling all the while something in his own native tongue. Jerry never knew just what those words meant, but he always suspected that he was being called names.

It was with a keen sense of anticipation that Jerry put on his bathing-suit early that afternoon and, with an old dressing-gown thrown round his shoulders, made his way to the deck where the other contestants were already beginning to

assemble. It had been some months since he had had a chance to do any swimming. He was a bit out of practice, but it wouldn't take long to limber up his muscles.

The chill had gone out of the air. Somehow one could feel that the tropics were not far distant.

'Jerry, this is Jack McLean.' It was Cynthia speaking.

'How do you do?' And Jerry held out his hand to the boy.

'I'm betting on you,' Jack said pleasantly, gripping his in return. 'I've got to round up the girls for the first race now. See you later.'

Cynthia saw Jack go over and speak to Adele, who was in a boyish suit of orange jersey, and saw the girl flash him one of her rare good-humored smiles. Tom was standing a little away from his sister, his legs spread far apart, the sleeves of a white football sweater knotted around his neck. It was evident from his manner that he considered it a great condescension on his part to compete against such amateurs in this makeshift tank. Cynthia smiled inwardly when she saw his feet. Paddles, Jack had called them. They were not unusually long, but very wide across the toes, so that they had the appearance of being square.

The shrill blast of Jack's whistle called her attention to the five girls standing on the platform, poised for a quick get-away. A second signal — a splash, and they were off, five streaks of color moving swiftly toward the goal at the opposite side of the tank. Adele and a much younger girl tied for first place. There was spasmodic applause from the spectators, who had not yet begun to show any real enthusiasm.

The next race was being announced. One of the boys had a megaphone and was trying to make the people laugh. 'You are now going to have the pleasure of meeting the great unbeatable champion of Hawaii, Thomas H. Gates, who has won his way to victory so many times that we can't keep track of 'em.' And in an aside, he shouted down to Tom, 'Come on up here, and make a pretty bow to the ladies and gentlemen.'

Tom, looking bored, mounted the platform. He for one wasn't going to laugh at the announcer's clownishness. Why didn't the fellow stop talking, anyway, and begin the race? But the boy knew that his audience wanted to be amused, and so, quite unconcerned at Tom's failure to respond to his mood, he continued with a steady flow of talk. 'Those who will seek to wrest this great hero's honors from him are Jimmie Agnew, the champion fat man on my

left; Ralph Chamberlain, who if he can swim the way he plays the piano ought to be there in zero minutes; and last but not least the Dark Horse.' Beckoning to Jerry to step forward that the audience might see him, he concluded, 'Now that you have seen the last-named gentleman you will wonder why we don't call him the Blond Horse.'

Jerry hated publicity of any sort, but he rose to the occasion and made an exaggerated bow to the audience, who greeted him with a hearty laugh, for he was the only fair-haired one of the four.

Again came the two shrill blasts of a whistle. Again came the gleam of arms and legs, as the boys leaped headlong into the water and struck out for the other side of the tank. Tom made the best start, but Jerry's quick sweeping strokes soon carried him to the lead. They looked like porpoises gliding through the water. Though Tom threw every ounce of his strength into those last few yards, he failed to overtake his opponent. For the first time in years he went down to defeat.

It was all over before Cynthia had time to get her breath. She was so glad that Jerry had won. With dancing eyes, she watched one of the judges pin a blue ribbon on his chest.

Tom was awarded the red ribbon. Cynthia saw him toss it carelessly down on the deck beside his sweater. He seemed so annoyed with every one and everything — so out of tune with the world. Was it as she had suspected, that he couldn't stand defeat? He had seemed so smug, so sure of victory. How did the other boys endure him? He seemed so full of whims and flashing angers. Was it his money that kept him secure on his pedestal, or was this show of boredom only a pose that he displayed to the general public, and were there moments when he could be a congenial and interesting companion, if he were so disposed? Yes, Jack had said he wasn't 'half bad.' There must be another side to him.

She found herself wondering whether his father was at all like their mother, who had managed to get so much fun out of the little things of life, in spite of the misfortunes that had befallen her. Oh, there was much that she would like to ask Tom and his sister. She wanted to know what had become of her mother's things — her collection of dolls, her books, and the sketches she had made, a hundred things that she had left behind when she started on that journey which proved to be her wedding journey and from which she was never again to return home. Had her grand-

father swept them as ruthlessly out of his life as he had his daughter?

'Now we are going to have an obstacle race,' bellowed the tireless announcer, and Cynthia came back to earth again. 'The object of this race is for the competitors whom you see yonder fully clothed, even to petticoats, shawls, bonnets, and parasols ——' As he spoke the swimmers, all boys, ludicrously dressed in a motley array of old-fashioned clothing, stepped forward mincingly and bowed. 'The object of this race is, I say, to remove one article of wearing apparel after each crossing of the tank is made. The first to stand before me *sans* stockings, *sans* shoes, *sans* everything but his bathing suit will be proclaimed the winner.'

This race won a burst of merriment from the spectators, for it was no easy matter to swim hampered by trailing skirts, dripping bonnets, and recalcitrant parasols. The victorious youth, divested of his unbecoming headgear and cumbersome garments, was fittingly crowned with a wreath of paper flowers.

The diving was the last event on the programme.

Jerry, taking his place on the platform, found himself beside Tom with little more than elbow room between them. Just as Cynthia had

wanted to rush up to Adele and Tom and tell them her story, so Jerry wanted to reach out now and touch Tom's arm and say, 'Can't we at least be friends?'

But there was Tom turning a surly look on him and saying sarcastically, 'I hope you keep out of my way this time, or I'll have a swell chance of getting across this tank.' Puzzled for a moment, Jerry then realized that Tom was referring to their unceremonious collision the day they had boarded the ship.

A hot reply burned on Jerry's lips, but there was no chance for an argument. The signal to dive was being given. Jerry straightened, then, leaning slightly foward, his arms extended over his head, his hands barely touching each other, he gave a flying leap through the air. As graceful as a gull swooping down on its prey, his body cut the water, making a dive of just the desired depth so that he would make most of his distance completely under water.

Jerry opened his eyes. He could see the bottom of the tank distinctly and knew that he was still being carried steadily forward by the momentum of his dive. Everything depended now on how long he could hold his breath. Then, without warning, he felt something strike his side heavily. He knew that some one had col-

lided with him, and that, as he was struck on the left side, it was in all probability Tom who was the offender. From the mass of bubbles that broke all about him, Jerry felt sure that whoever it was had bounded out of the water at their sudden impact. He kept his own head down. The next instant he found himself being shoved to the bottom of the tank by two wildly kicking feet.

As far as he was concerned now the race was over. He stood up and looked about him. One or two of the boys were still drifting toward the goal. Several of them had already given up the attempt and climbed out of the tank and were sunning themselves on the platform. He and Tom were alone in the middle of the tank, facing each other belligerently. Jerry shook the water out of his eyes, but before he could utter a word Tom was upon him in one of his rages. 'Didn't I tell you to keep out of my way?' he shouted. Jerry caught the boy by his wrists as he made a lunge at him, and with a twist, jerked him over backward and ducked him under the water.

One of the spectators laughed, and a girl who belonged to the vaudeville troupe leaned over the railing and shouted gleefully. 'That's it. Give it to him, blondie.'

A voice called out. 'You're ruled out, Tom.

You're the one that fouled. Get out of the tank. We're going to let the two leaders do the dive over with Jerry.'

Cynthia recognized it as Jack's voice, and, looking toward him, saw Adele standing behind him with fire flashing in her eyes.

'Oh, let it go,' Jerry called up to Jack. 'It doesn't matter.'

But Jack insisted, and the race was repeated with the three leaders contending for honors, and again Jerry was the winner of a blue ribbon, outdistancing the others by a substantial margin.

Tom was like a sulky child after it was all over. 'Jack's some umpire,' he snorted, with as much bravado as he could, to some of the boys as they were hurrying off to dress.

'Awh! Cut it,' growled Jimmie Agnew under his breath. 'You were way off side.'

CHAPTER IV

JERRY MAKES A MISTAKE

'Well, I seem destined to make an enemy of Tom.'

Cynthia and Jerry had come up on deck after dinner and were sitting where they could watch the moon rise.

'When you say Tom, you may as well include Adele,' Cynthia answered her brother. 'I was standing where I could see her eyes when Jack ruled Tom out of the race.'

'She certainly seems to idolize her brother.'

'Perhaps being a twin has something to do with it,' Cynthia mused. 'It's funny, but you know deep in her heart I think Adele's crazy about Jack, too, though he's the only one of the boys who laughs at her and pays no attention to her rages.'

'Sort of refined cave-man stuff?' Jerry suggested.

'Exactly. All the others play Sir Walter Raleigh to her.'

Further discussion of the subject was put to an end by the approach of a tall, distinguished-looking man of middle age. Cynthia had often noticed him on the decks and wondered who he

was. Her brother sprang to his feet and greeted the older man respectfully. Then, turning to her, he explained: 'Cynthia, this is Judge Dillon. He owns a group of islands down in the South Seas, and was kind enough to tell me about them last night.'

'Good-evening, sir.'

'Good-evening, Miss Cynthia. I just stopped to tell your brother that I hunted up some pamphlets about the South Sea Islands last night.' Then turning to Jerry, he added, 'I'll get them for you, if you care to glance through them.'

'Can't I get them?' Jerry offered at once.

'Yes, surely. You'll find them in the drawer of the table in my cabin — starboard side on the deck below, third from the bow.' As soon as Jerry had gone, Judge Dillon said to Cynthia: 'Won't you honor me by joining me in my evening walk? Got to keep these old muscles limber somehow.'

'Indeed, I shall be delighted.' Cynthia liked Judge Dillon. He had such keen eyes and a skin that was browned by the wind and sun.

Leading the way to the promenade deck, Cynthia set off at such a brisk pace that Judge Dillon had to protest. 'Look here, young lady, I asked you to walk with me, not run.'

But Cynthia caught the twinkle in his eye and

answered with a laugh: 'That was only pretense on my part. I couldn't keep that pace up long myself. I've grown terribly lazy on shipboard with nothing to do!'

'Your brother says that you have never been to the islands before. Curiously enough, you remind me strongly of some one who used to live out there. I was watching you at the swimming meet this afternoon. It troubled me for some time trying to place who it was, but now I remember. I've not seen the lady for years, though, and probably if you were put together, instead of being like the proverbial two peas, none of your features would be alike.'

Cynthia flashed a startled glance at Judge Dillon. Could he be thinking of her mother? He was a man perhaps ten years younger than her grandfather. It wasn't at all unlikely that he knew the Gates family. This complication had never occurred to her or Jerry — that some one might discover their identity by her striking resemblance to her mother.

'I suppose,' Judge Dillon continued meditatively, 'that the young lady I speak of must by this time be middle-aged herself. I last saw her as a charming, high-spirited girl of sixteen. People do seem to have a way of growing up,' he added, with a half-pensive smile.

Surely, surely he meant her mother. The name Cherilla trembled on her own lips. Why couldn't she see the pictures that he had stored away in his memory? She almost wished that she and Jerry had not decided to keep their secret to themselves. She longed to know more about her mother's childhood. Among her cherished possessions were a few snapshots of her taken years ago. There was one on horseback with a pack of dogs at her heels, and another where she looked like a wood nymph peering out from a thicket of giant ferns.

'I was just saying to Jerry a short while ago that it was strange how different we all are, and here you are telling me that I'm a duplicate of some one else.'

'Ah, that brother of yours, he's a lad after my own heart,' Judge Dillon began.

Though any praise of Jerry warmed Cynthia's heart, she was keenly disappointed that she herself had inadvertently switched the subject from her mother to him.

'He's bound to make his mark in the world some day.'

'I'm glad that you like Jerry, Judge Dillon. Of course, I've always been very proud of him.'

Jerry, the object of their conversation, was at the moment hurrying along the starboard deck

below them. He counted off the doors as he passed them. 'One, two, three. Here I am.' And, pushing open the shuttered door, he stepped across the threshold into a spacious, luxuriously fitted cabin, quite unlike his own cramped quarters. Directly opposite him against the wall was a table. Jerry went quickly to it and pulled open the drawer. It was empty. There were two or three magazines, a writing-portfolio, and a pile of books scattered on the top of the table, but the pamphlets for which he had come were not among them. He'd have to go back empty-handed. Judge Dillon must have forgotten where he had left them.

As he started to leave the cabin, Jerry saw on a narrow shelf above the table a tiny picture frame containing the photograph of a man and a woman. There was something curiously familiar about the woman's face — the square chin, the heavy brows, and the selfish mouth. Why, of course it was Tom's face, even to the brooding sullenness of his eyes. Startled, Jerry realized that he was in the wrong cabin. He turned to hurry out, when, almost against his will, he found himself retracing his steps.

If this was a picture of Tom's mother, in all probability the other was of his father, the brother of his and Cynthia's mother. Deeply

curious, he was about to take the picture down that he might inspect it at closer range when an angry voice stopped him.

'What are you doing here?'

Whirling about, Jerry saw Tom in the doorway, his cheeks livid with uncontrollable rage.

'Hello!' There was no doubt about it. Jerry's voice did betray a note of surprise, although he had already guessed he was in Tom's room. Of course he shouldn't have stayed.

Tom did not return his greeting, but stood staring at him with suspicion in his eyes.

'Sorry,' Jerry apologized. 'I came down after some pamphlets. By mistake I got into your room.'

'Yes, you did!'

'You mean to imply that I'm here for some other reason?' The muscles of Jerry's jaw tightened and his gray eyes smouldered. 'I can easily prove to you the truth of what I've said, if you need to be convinced.'

'Expect to find any pamphlets up on that narrow shelf, eh?' Tom's lips curled in a sneer, and, stalking across the room, reached up and took from the shelf his wrist watch. Very deliberately he put it on. 'Of course you didn't know that was there.'

For one moment Jerry stood still, rooted to

the spot, unable to believe that Tom really thought he had come into his cabin for anything but the reason he had given.

'Go on, get out!' the boy flung at him. 'Or if you won't, I'll put you out.'

Jerry was not easily angered, but now his gray eyes flashed like steel in the sun. He knew that he had placed himself in a peculiar light, but he had offered to explain. 'Take that back!' he said, facing Tom squarely.

Tom made a sudden wild lunge at Jerry. Jerry leaped to one side, and Tom, to his humiliation, went sprawling over a chair. In a flash he was on his feet again and back at Jerry, flinging his clenched fists, here, there, and everywhere, regardless of the rules of the game. He was like a child, blind with rage. He had, however, miscalculated Jerry's strength, for, after a few fierce tussles, he found himself lifted off his feet and flung violently down on the bed.

'Some day I'll make you eat your words,' Jerry said between tight lips.

'Hello! Hello! What's going on?'

To Jerry's relief he saw Judge Dillon standing in the doorway. Beside him was Cynthia, her eyes wide with alarm.

'Jerry!' she exclaimed. 'What has happened?' Never before had she seen her brother look so

disheveled. His hair was tumbled in wild disorder about his flushed face, one eye was beginning to swell, his necktie was awry.

'Ask him,' Jerry replied with a nod in Tom's direction.

Tom pulled himself to his feet and stood glowering at the three of them. His jaw seemed squarer than ever.

'What's all this about, young Gates?' Judge Dillon demanded.

But Tom made no answer. He was still panting for breath.

'He refused to accept my statement that I got into his cabin by mistake,' Jerry offered.

'I'm astonished.' Judge Dillon's voice was deep with anger, as he addressed Tom. 'Don't you know a gentleman when you see one? If you are one yourself, you'll get up and apologize to Mr. Jayne.'

For a moment Jerry wondered if the name Jayne would convey anything to Tom. Did he know of Cynthia's letter to their grandfather? Apparently not, for Tom's expression never changed.

With a sudden generous impulse, Jerry put out his hand to the boy. 'Will you shake hands? I did put myself in a bad light, but I couldn't quite swallow your words.'

But Tom refused to see Jerry's extended hand.

'Well, I'm sorry,' Jerry went on, his own anger gone as quickly as it had come.

Once out on deck, he turned to look back at the door through which he had just come, a puzzled expression on his face.

'No doubt you counted doors, son,' Judge Dillon said kindly. 'This is the third door, but not the third cabin. The first door, you see, opens into a small lounge, making my door the fourth. I should have been more explicit in my directions to you.'

Jerry gave a short laugh and rubbed his hand over his tousled hair. 'That ought to teach me to stop going around with my head in the clouds. Guess I was thinking more about the things you told me last night — pearl fishing, shark hunting — you know.'

'Yes, I know,' Judge Dillon responded, his hand on Jerry's shoulder, and his own eyes alight with the memories of days spent down near the Equator. Then, after a pause, he added: 'Young Gates is a savage. You have probably done him a good turn. Now I'll step into my cabin and get those pamphlets.'

As the Judge disappeared, Jerry smiled a rueful smile at his sister. 'Sorry for your sake that I made such a scene,' he apologized.

To Jerry's amazement, Cynthia flared up fiercely. 'I'm glad, glad that you punished him. Sometimes I've been afraid for you, Jerry. You are so good and gentle and trusting.'

CHAPTER V

FALSE ACCUSATIONS

'WHAT have you been doing to yourself?' Jimmie Agnew demanded of Tom, as, uninvited, he poked his head into Tom's cabin early next morning. 'Looks as if you'd been in a battle and were on the losing side.'

Tom was daubing at his swollen cheek with a wad of cotton, saturated with ice water. At Jimmie's words, he swung angrily about and snapped out, 'On the losing side, nothing! Wait until you see the black eye I gave that fellow Jayne.'

'Fighting about that diving match still?'

'No, we weren't. If you want to know, I found him prowling around my cabin.'

Jimmie whistled under his breath. 'The deuce you say.' Jimmie's fat face became suddenly serious.

'Yes, I do say so, and when I asked him what he was doing, the poor sap tried to make me ——'

'Tom, Jimmie, hey, you two, make it snappy and come out on deck,' the voice of one of the gang called through the shuttered door. 'The Korea's in sight. We're going to transfer mail.'

'Hurrah!' Jimmie shouted, flinging open the

door and bolting. He didn't want to miss any of the fun. He saw the crowd collecting on the opposite side of the deck, so he hastily joined them.

The sea was very calm and the big liner, the Korea, came so close that the passengers were plainly visible as they paraded up and down the decks. The Manchuria let off a blast of her whistle and in return came an answering salute from her sister ship.

Every one seemed to be scurrying around. Bells clanged, voices shouted out orders. And the stanch lifeboat, filled with mail and six husky Chinese sailors, rattled down to the surface of the water. In another moment row-locks and oars were shifted into place and with little spurts the boat was heading toward the liner.

'Say hello to Frisco for me,' shouted one of the little vaudeville actresses, waving a limp handkerchief at the Korea, and she bit her lips to keep back the tears.

'Cheer up,' Jack McLean said. He was standing at the rail beside her. 'After you've once seen Hawaii, you'll forget all about your old Frisco.'

'Say, do you really think so?' the actress asked hopefully, dabbing away her tears with her handkerchief.

'Oh, sure I do; it's the grandest place on earth.'

The girl's face brightened. 'Gee, I've been lonesome.'

In an hour's time the Manchuria had resumed her course and was steaming full speed ahead.

It wasn't until after luncheon that Jimmie Agnew gave another thought to what Tom had told him about Jerry. Then unfortunately he told Ralph Chamberlain about it, simply because he was surprised and puzzled about it. He'd taken rather a liking to Jerry. They had happened to go to the dressing-room together after the swimming meet and had got into a conversation about sports, and colleges, and such things. Ralph was a different sort from Jimmie. He was quite a scandalmonger, and it was he who set in motion the story about Jerry that flew the rounds of the ship. It wasn't long before the story had grown so that those who heard it were convinced that Jerry was guilty of a grave offense.

'There comes his sister now,' Eleanor Hunt whispered in Adele's ear. 'Hush!' They were sitting in the saloon, and it was apparent that they had been discussing Jerry.

'Why should I hush?' Adele asked, with arched brows.

Cynthia heard Adele's words very distinctly,

but she did not betray by the slightest sign that she was aware that the two girls had broken off their conversation abruptly at her approach. Without a glance in their direction, she went swiftly to the table, got the magazine that she wanted, and left the room.

'Did you know that Jack McLean has asked her to be his partner in shuffleboard this afternoon?' Eleanor asked, as soon as they were left alone again.

A curious hard look flickered in Adele's eyes, and Eleanor knew that she had delivered a thrust that hurt. Secretly, Eleanor was jealous of Adele's leadership of the gang, and it gave her a queer sort of satisfaction to learn that she had the power to wound her.

'You are sure, Eleanor?'

'Why, Jack told me so himself. He's quite keen about her.'

'Well, let me tell you, Eleanor Hunt, that I have no intention of playing with the sister of a — a thief.'

'What's all this powwow about, girls?' Jack called out to them, as he entered the saloon. 'I've been hunting everywhere for you to tell you that I've fixed it up to have prizes this afternoon for the deck sports. I'm going to leave it to you two to pick them out. The bar-

ber's got a lot of junk down in his room. Guess you can find something that'll do.'

Adele was not a person to mince matters. She flicked herself out of her chair, and began a stormy pacing of the room. 'I hear that you have asked Cynthia Jayne to be your partner in shuffleboard.'

'Yes, I have.' And Jack's jaw set squarely. He, too, had heard these wild rumors about Jerry and was ready for an attack from Adele.

Hostility burned in Adele's dark eyes and there was defiance in every tense feature. 'And do you imagine for one moment, Jack McLean, that I will play in the same game with the sister of a ——'

'Adele,' Jack said sharply, 'don't say that word. You know as well as I that Jerry Jayne isn't the kind of a fellow who would go snooping around where he didn't belong. Maybe he did go into your brother's cabin, but you'll have a hard time making me believe that he didn't have a perfectly good reason for doing it.'

Adele's eyes narrowed to mere slits. With an impulsive stamp of her foot, she burst forth tempestuously. 'And who are you to tell me what I am to say? I guess I have a right to my own opinion of Tom's story.'

'All I can say is that Tom's very much mis-

taken. I ——' Jack broke off abruptly, for he saw Cynthia approaching.

'Here's your partner now,' Adele said coldly. 'I hope that you have a pleasant game by *yourselves*.' And she was gone, with Eleanor trailing meekly at her heels.

For a fraction of a second, Jack stood staring after them. Surely Adele couldn't mean what she had implied. She couldn't be so cruel and unfair as to keep the rest of the gang away because Cynthia Jayne was to play with him as his partner. Then, forcing a smile to his face, he turned to meet Cynthia.

'Am I too early, Jack?'

'No, indeed. We'll have a chance to practice before the others come, though, if it stays as hot as this, no one else may come out,' he added with quick forethought.

Cynthia sent a swift, searching glance at Jack, so swift that he was scarcely aware of it, and yet so searching that he was sure that she had suspected him of seeking an excuse for the gang's possible non-appearance.

'I warned you that I don't know a thing about the game.' Whatever thought had troubled her she had soon banished.

'With a bit of practice, you'll probably beat us all at it,' Jack replied as lightly as he could.

Cynthia proved to be an even better pupil than Jack had hoped. He showed her how to hold the cue and send the little puck skimming into the numbered squares. Again and again, with unerring aim, she shot it into the heart of the space marked 100.

'Say, you're a whizz at it,' Jack shouted enthusiastically, watching her from the side line. 'Keep on that way and no one will be able to touch our score.'

'It's just struck five bells. It's almost too late to begin a game. What do you suppose happened to them all — Jack?'

Jack, looking at Cynthia, saw that her eyes were full of tears.

'I can't tell you how sorry I am, Cynthia, that this has happened.'

'That what has happened, Jack?' Cynthia questioned further in a low tone, and her cheeks went suddenly white.

Jack was visibly disturbed. He knew that Adele's word was law with a majority of the gang, and that she was quite capable of carrying out her threat to keep them away. Determined, however, to be frank and honest about the whole thing himself, he now said, 'Unfortunately a story has got about that — that ——'

'—— that Jerry went into Tom's room in-

tentionally,' Cynthia ended for him, and though her words were scarcely audible, there was fierce resentment in her voice. 'Jack, you don't believe this thing?'

Jack shook his head emphatically. 'No, I don't. I told Adele that Tom must be mistaken.'

Cynthia gave him a grateful smile. 'Thank you, Jack. Now I'd like to find Judge Dillon. Will you come with me?'

'Of course.'

Together they sought out Judge Dillon. He was on the lower deck with his glasses focussed on a tiny spiral of smoke that was visible on the far horizon. Another steamer had been reported approaching. Cynthia went quickly to his side, and said, 'I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but will you please tell Jack how Jerry happened to get into Tom's cabin last night?'

'I didn't ask for an explanation, Judge Dillon,' Jack broke in.

'That is why I want him to know the truth,' Cynthia said quietly.

'So some one has been maligning Jerry,' Judge Dillon said slowly.

Neither Cynthia nor Jack spoke while he told of Jerry's errand to his cabin and the subsequent happenings. Then Cynthia cried out, 'It's wicked, wicked, accusing Jerry that way.'

'Don't let this trouble you any longer, Miss Cynthia,' the Judge said, and Cynthia knew that in him and in Jack she had two strong allies.

Back in her own cabin, Cynthia stood staring for a long while through the porthole across the wide expanse of sparkling water that was already tinged with gold by the setting sun. This was her last day on shipboard. How differently she had pictured it! Except for the intense suffering her father's and her mother's deaths had caused her, she had never before known what real unhappiness was.

And here she was, she, Cynthia Jayne, who had never felt anything but love and friendliness for every one she had ever known, hating Tom and Adele with a violence that startled her.

Gazing into the fast approaching night with its mysterious shadows, Cynthia reviewed all of the incidents which had brought her to this state of mind — their first meeting, Adele's sneering words to Jack about her clothes, Tom's behavior in the swimming-tank, and Tom's false accusation against Jerry. How contemptible they had been!

The dinner gong, echoing down the companionway, sounded like a funeral dirge in her ears. This was the night of the Captain's dinner.

Determined that Jerry should never know the

serious consequences of his mistake, Cynthia hastily filled the washbowl with cold water and splashed it over her face, to remove all trace of tears. Then, unfolding her one evening dress from its bed of tissue paper, she slipped it on over her head. It was a misty thing of sea-green lace over satin. With fingers that trembled violently, Cynthia next ran her comb through her hair and tucked in an extra pin or two.

'Yes, yes, I'm coming,' she called in response to Jerry's query as to whether she was ready, and she hoped that he hadn't detected the queer little quaver in her voice. She caught up a filmy scarf, scattered with dew drops, and with scarcely a glance at herself in the mirror she opened the door.

Jerry was waiting for her at the end of the passage that led to the stairway.

'I'm sorry I'm late,' she said to him. 'Has every one gone in to dinner yet?'

'I guess there're a few stragglers. Wish for your sake I had some glad rags to rig myself up in.'

'I don't mind in the least, Jerry. There are two or three men just going in now who are not in evening clothes.'

The Captain was already at the head of his table, and stretching out on all sides of him was

a sea of rainbow-hued gowns, with the men's black dinner coats looking like exclamation points between them. Cynthia caught a glimpse of Adele. She was at the Captain's right, in a startling costume of flaming satin. Beyond her was Tom, and then Eleanor, and Jimmie Agnew.

As she and Jerry moved through the crowded room to their seats, Cynthia could not help wondering how many of these people had heard Tom's story about Jerry. Surely they didn't all believe it! No, no, there was an old lady nodding pleasantly at her, and some one else calling to them to hurry lest they miss some of the fun. She breathed a little sigh of relief as she slipped into her customary seat.

Every chair at every table was filled now. There wasn't a passenger down with seasickness. The tables were decorated with colored paper caps, little wax paper bags bulging with confetti, and rolls of red, green, and yellow crêpe streamers. There was a special menu card with a picture of palms, like long-legged spiders, against a blue sky, a golden moon, a strip of white beach, and an outrigger canoe riding on a purple ocean. Inside it read, 'The Captain's Dinner,' and below followed a long list of food from caviar to after-dinner coffee.

Every one was talking and laughing merrily,

tossing confetti, and lassoing one another with the crêpe streamers so that the waiters had to fight their way through a maze of flying paper. Speeches were called for and given. A dark-skinned girl in a grass skirt, with wreaths of paper flowers in her hair and around her neck, came out with an ukulele and, strumming her own accompaniment, sang an old Hawaiian chant. And then, when she was done, an orchestra took up the refrain, echoing the sadness of it with the wailing voices of the steel guitars.

A lump rose in Cynthia's throat, and she found herself wanting to weep. Jerry, too, was deeply moved. With an understanding smile, Cynthia slipped her hand into his. Then she looked up to see Adele leaving the saloon. In a few minutes she saw her return with a violin under her arm, and stand in the doorway, her dark hair framing her face like a dusky cloud, a half-mocking smile on her lips. Cynthia's hand tightened its hold on Jerry's, and Jerry, turning to his sister, saw that she was very pale and that she was breathing rapidly.

Stepping within the doorway, Adele raised her violin to her shoulder. Then suddenly Cynthia saw that discontented look slip from her face as if it had been a mask. A piano struck a deep vibrating chord, and then, sweet as the rippling

of a mountain stream, Adele's violin caught the melody to itself, laughing and singing a song of joyous abandonment. Her body swayed slightly with the movement of her arms. Then gradually the lilting notes died away to a honeyed whisper which was like the pulsing of the wind through the trees, and the song of the violin was hushed into silence. The magic moment was gone. Adele was herself again, full of egotism and self-confidence.

Now the people began to disperse, some seeking the card tables in the lounge, others heading for the deck.

'Will you dance with me?' And Cynthia, rising from the table, found Jack beside her. 'You'll join us too?' he added to Jerry.

Jerry laughed and shook his head, 'Cynthia can tell you that I'd be a bull in a china shop out there. Anyway, I've got some reading to finish to-night.' With a half-apologetic nod Jerry left them.

On deck the rush of the soft air off the sea beat in their faces and whistled through the ship's riggings. The crack and the snap of the wireless sounded like hard staccato notes above the roar of the engines and the surge and wash of the waves against the ship's sides. A great moon painted a wide pathway to the far horizon, and

splashed the steamer's funnels and streaked the decks with gold. Enveloped, too, in its soft light, Cynthia was a vision of loveliness — her slim figure in the gown the color of which Jack likened to the color of water as it breaks and foams across the coral reefs, the rich reddish touch in her hair, and the delicate moulding of her features.

For a moment she and Jack stood watching the play of phosphorus about the ship; then Jack said, 'Will you dance with me now?'

Cynthia shook her head. 'Not to-night, Jack,' she whispered.

'I want you to know that Judge Dillon has told every one the true story about Jerry,' Jack said, fearing that her refusal was because of what had happened that afternoon.

'I'm so glad.'

'You will dance with me?'

'It isn't that, Jack. You don't understand. Somehow it seems — as if my mother were standing beside me to-night.'

'I do understand,' Jack answered quietly. 'I lost my mother when I was only a little shaver, and I nearly drove my poor old dad crazy for a while asking him to bring her back to me.' Then after a pause, he added: 'We'll probably dock at daybreak to-morrow. We may not have much

chance to talk, for I'm hoping to make immediate connections with the inter-island boat for Hawaii. You won't forget that Dad and I will be glad to have you and Jerry visit us any time at all.'

'Indeed, I'll not forget. You have been very kind to me.' And Cynthia held out both hands to the boy. 'Good-night!'

'Good-night!'

Left alone, Cynthia made her way to the bow of the boat, picking her way carefully between great piles of tarred ropes.

The stars of the Swan and of Scorpio, which, with its blazing heart, lay in the track of the planets, hung like lamps overhead. And it seemed to Cynthia that she could reach up her hands and pull down the glowing moon from its place in the sky.

Moon gold! Sun gold! Had she forgotten the philosophy of her mother so soon? What had they to do with hatred? Suddenly Cynthia felt the anger die out of her heart and a great wave of pity surge over her for these two, Tom and Adele, who had not the slightest inkling of true happiness, that comes only with the enjoyment of little things.

The sound of approaching footsteps awoke Cynthia from her reverie.

'Jerry!' she exclaimed with pleasurable surprise as a swaying lantern sent a stray beam of light flickering across her brother's face. 'I'm so glad that you have come. I heard some one say as I came out that we may possibly see the light of Molokai about midnight.'

'I thought you were dancing.'

'I couldn't.'

'And I couldn't read, either. It's the great adventure for us, isn't it?'

'Yes, Jerry.'

Far into the night they sat in silence, staring across the sea to the mysterious star-strewn horizon. All those others back there dancing to the blaring notes of the saxophone were forgotten.

Shortly after the ship's clock had struck eight bells, Cynthia ran to the railing and stared intently ahead of her, crying out, 'Quick, Jerry! Watch over there! I'm sure I saw a light.'

Jerry was on his feet and beside her, peering across the moonlit waters. 'Where?'

'There! I saw it again!' Cynthia fairly sang the words, as a second flash shot its tiny gleam into the night. Then, remembering the words written in her great-grandmother's diary, she whispered softly, 'The goal of our desires.'

CHAPTER VI

MOLINA, THE DIVING BOY

CYNTHIA and Jerry were the first passengers on deck the next morning. The only other persons stirring were the Chinese deck hands who were swabbing down the decks. From one of them Jerry learned that the island they were approaching was Oahu. 'Um!' grunted the deck hand laconically in response to his question. This Jerry had learned to translate as the affirmative. Two grunted 'Um's!' would have meant 'No!'

'We've been running slowly through the night so that we shan't reach the harbor before daybreak,' Jerry remarked to his sister as they paced the deck. 'Jack says the pilot refuses to come out until he's had his breakfast.'

'It doesn't seem as if I could eat a mouthful,' Cynthia laughed. 'It's lovely. It looks like a dream island, as if it might suddenly disappear before our eyes,' she added whimsically.

There was not a ripple on the surface of the ocean save where it broke across a coral reef far inshore and left a thin line of unruffled white. The peaks of the lofty mountains that formed

the backbone of the island were shrouded in dense clouds.

Suddenly the morning sun shot through a rift in the cloud-bank and scattered the haze that had curtained the scene in vague unreality. For an instant disappointment shadowed Cynthia's eyes. Gone was her fairy island! Before her towered huge piles of volcanic, sun-scorched, wind-bleached rocks, rising almost perpendicularly out of the thundering surf.

'Why, Jerry!' Cynthia cried out in amazement. 'Where are all the flowers and palm trees?'

Jerry laughed. 'Don't worry. You'll see enough of them pretty soon. The lava rock hasn't had time to disintegrate and form fertile soil on this side of the island.'

'So that is what you have been studying all these days on shipboard.'

Jerry grinned. 'So long as we can't afford to take a guide about with us, I just thought I'd be forehanded and post myself about the things we're going to see.'

True to Jerry's prediction, as the ship steamed past Diamond Head, a great hollow tufa cone that juts far out into the sea and stands as a sentinel guarding the approach to Honolulu Harbor, there came into view deep fertile val-

leys, long stretches of cane land, little lakes threaded with green, which later Cynthia and Jerry learned were the newly planted rice fields, and the graceful sweep of a sand-rimmed bay, fringed with coconut palms, ragged-leafed bananas, low-spreading haus; light-green, yellow, dark-green. Here and there salt-marsh grasses added a flare of vivid yellow coloring to the greenness. Here and there, too, a gash in the earth showed a streak of vermilion. And then at length, straggling across the plains at the foot of an old dead volcano, they beheld the rooftops of Honolulu.

'There's something wrong with all those houses along the beach, Jerry. Somehow they look as if their roofs had been bobbed,' Cynthia remarked, as she gazed at the line of homes that faced the sea.

'Don't you know why it is?' Jerry asked.

Cynthia shook her head.

'It's because there are no chimney pots.'

'Why, of course. How strange it will be without fireplaces and furnaces! No more fires to stoke, no more ashes to carry out.'

'Sounds like Paradise,' Jerry said with a twinkle in his eye.

'Poor old Santa Claus! What does he do?'

'Walks in the front door, I guess. Jack Mc-

Lean said that no one ever locks his doors out here, day or night.'

'Christmas without snow or sleighbells ——' Cynthia's voice trailed off in a little quaver.

'We mustn't start thinking of things like that,' Jerry chided gently.

By this time other passengers were beginning to appear on deck. Binoculars were focussed. Interminable questions were asked, each being answered by an 'Um!' or an 'Um-um!' from the stoical-faced deck hands.

Jack McLean came rushing toward Cynthia and Jerry. 'Gee, isn't it great?' he cried out with boyish enthusiasm. 'The American flag there is flying from the top of the Executive Building. That was the Queen's palace before she was dethroned. And that tall spire over there is Saint Andrew's Cathedral. You must go there some day. They have services in Hawaiian, Chinese, English — anything you like. There goes a fishing sampan. Wait until you see the fish in the market. It's almost a crime to eat them. Some one once called them "broken bits of the rainbow." Well, thank goodness, here comes old Jeff Anderson,' he announced, as he spied a motor-boat moving through the narrow channel toward them. 'He's been pilot for nearly forty years. That's the doctor's launch trailing him.

This has been a bad trip for the steamship company,' he went on. 'Not a passenger sick and consequently every one eating his head off. By the way, when you come to Halehoomaha, we'll have a *luau* for you.'

'Luau? Haleho— what?' Cynthia bubbled with laughter. 'I'm not so sure that I want to visit you.'

'A luau's a feast,' Jack explained, his blue eyes crinkling with amusement. 'Halehoomaha is the name of our ranch. House of Rest it means.' Jack half-closed his eyes as he spoke, and his own thoughts went speeding off to the big rambling ranch house that stood deep in a forest of fragrant eucalyptus trees at the foot of Mauna Loa. Jack was exuberant at the thought of getting back home. He was eager to be in the saddle again, to feel the warmth of his horse's body between his knees, to ride out at night with the native cowboys to the distant grazing lands and there watch the sun sink in gorgeous splendor into the sea, to sleep in his oilcloth bag on a ridge above a smoking cinder cone where the wind blew from all directions at once, whistling weird tunes as it swept across the twisted lava.

Now, as Judge Dillon joined them, Jack greeted him with, 'Looks pretty fine, doesn't it?'

Judge Dillon beamed. 'No other place in the

world like it. By the way, Jack, tell that good father of yours that I'd like to finish that chess game that Madame Pele interrupted last spring.'

'Madame Pele,' Jack explained, turning to Cynthia and Jerry, 'was the fire goddess worshiped years ago by the island people. Whenever there was a volcanic eruption, the people would offer her sacrifices.'

'For all they profess to be Christians to-day,' Judge Dillon put in, 'I'll wager there was more than one native who tried to soften Pele's wrath last spring by throwing the sacred *ohelo* berries into the crater.'

'If there had been any handy, I think I should have tried that old heathen rite myself.' Jack spoke in a sober tone, for the moment reliving that night of horror when he had watched the sea of steaming mud creeping slowly toward them.

'Here, here,' the Judge said with a smile. 'We mustn't talk like this. Madame Pele, after all, has been a remarkably well-behaved lady.'

Then the conversation turned to Jerry's and Cynthia's plans for the future. 'You'd better see Mr. Giles at the Experimental Station first,' Judge Dillon advised Jerry. 'And of course, if at any time I can be of assistance to either of you, I would deem it a favor if you would come to me.'

The examination of the passengers by the port doctor was not a prolonged affair. Granted a clean bill of health, the Manchuria, piloted by the faithful Jeff Anderson, made her way majestically through the narrow channel up to the dock. A number of sturdy brown diving boys came out to meet her, frolicking about in the water like porpoises.

There was one little fellow who hugged the side of the ship directly below the spot where Cynthia and Jerry were standing. He was naked save for a narrow *malo* about his loins. He was thin and emaciated, his shoulder blades protruding like wings. Cynthia noticed that when he swam he moved only one leg, the other dragging motionless behind him, and yet he looked up at her with a smile on his face. She was near enough to see that his eyes were beautiful, dark as forest pools with a glint of wildness in them, and so big that they made his face appear more pinched and wasted than it actually was.

'Haven't you something to throw him, Jerry?' Cynthia asked wistfully.

Swiftly Jerry put his hand into his pocket and pulled out some coins. He dropped them into Cynthia's hand, and Cynthia, leaning over the rail, sent them spinning one by one into the water.

There was a shout of delight, a splash, and the boy who had attracted Cynthia's sympathy disappeared. Deep down under the water he went, tiny bubbles trailing to the surface in his wake and breaking the instant that they came in contact with the air. Soon he was on the surface again, puffing and panting, with the coins held firmly between his teeth. He gurgled with laughter, and taking the coins from his mouth shouted up to them, 'Aloha!' which means, 'Greetings! My love to you! Good-bye!' according to the inflection used in uttering it.

'He's a plucky little rascal,' Jerry said to his sister. Then, as something gleaming fell from the deck above him into the water with a resounding thud, he exclaimed, 'Hello! what was that?'

'It looked like some one's bag, Jerry,' Cynthia replied. 'Do you suppose it could have been?' As they leaned over the rail, Adele's voice shrilled the words, 'Oh, Tom, *wikiwiki!* I've lost my purse overboard. All my rings are in it.'

Though the little lame native boy did not hear Adele's cry of alarm, his keen eyes caught the gleam of gold as her purse struck the surface of the water. With quick, vigorous strokes, he swam to the spot where he could still see it circling slowly down toward the coral beds that lay beneath the harbor waters.

'Dive! Dive! You stupid!' Adele shouted in a frenzy, gesticulating with her hands in an endeavor to make the boy understand.

Before the words were out of her mouth the boy had plunged head first after the glittering thing. It seemed an eternity before he reappeared on the surface, sputtering and shaking his head to get the water out of his hair and eyes. Grinning widely, he held up to Adele's view the precious treasure that he had salvaged.

'I take it over there,' he called up to her, indicating the dock toward which they were steadily moving.

'I think I hear music,' Cynthia said, as their ship was made secure to the dock with steel hawsers.

'You do,' Jerry replied. 'I can see a native band right there in the midst of the crowd. They are dressed in white duck suits.'

'Yes, I see them now.' Then, stealing close to her brother's side, she pressed her warm hand into his and whispered, 'All ashore that's going ashore.'

Down below them were a great many people moving about, restlessly awaiting the exodus of passengers. Most of the Americans carried *leis*, or wreaths of flowers, over their arms. They were dressed in summer clothes. Then there were Japanese, the women in silk kimonos, tot-

tering about on high wooden sandals, Chinese, Portuguese, Filipinos, even a sprinkling of Russians, each in the costume of his own country, each speaking his own mother tongue. Such a Babel! Such laughing and chattering, and shouting! The native women, selling leis, vied with one another in their efforts to attract attention to their wares. They were barefooted and wore *holokus*, of bright-colored calico, those dresses first designed by some of the ladies of the mission under the direction of 'Aunt Lucy.'

As soon as the gangway was swung into place, the passengers began to disembark. Cynthia and Jerry could see Adele and Tom pushing and elbowing their way rudely through the crowds.

'That little fellow's down there waiting to give Adele her purse,' Jerry said, catching a glimpse of a smiling dark face.

'I'm glad he is,' Cynthia replied warmly. 'From what I overheard Adele say as she dashed by me I think she expected he'd try to get away with it. That's probably why she and Tom were in such a frenzy to get ashore.'

'Poor kid,' Jerry said. 'I wish you could have seen the way Adele snatched the bag out of his hand. She's standing right in front of him now, examining it to see if everything is there.'

Not being as tall as Jerry, Cynthia could not

see over the heads of the people in front of her, but just as she reached the bottom of the gangway she saw Adele carelessly flip a coin to the native boy, and turn abruptly away to greet a friend, without a single word of thanks or appreciation for what he had done.

The coin fell at the boy's feet. The little fellow didn't stir, but stood staring after Adele. Then he stooped suddenly and picked up the coin and, brushing the dust from it, held it up to the light. A slow, crooked grin swept across his emaciated face, and a low chuckle came from his lips. He hadn't expected gold in return for his services.

'Good for you, sonny,' Jerry called out as he passed the boy, who was still turning the coin over and over in the palm of his hands, as if he could not believe his good fortune.

The boy's heavy brows arched in surprise. 'I thought the lady did not like it. She looked like my Uncle Joseph when I forget to bring home his supper.' And the boy screwed up his face into a scowl in imitation of Adele.

'Isn't your uncle good to you?' Cynthia questioned softly.

'Oh, yes,' the boy answered with a sigh of resignation. 'He sleeps most of the time. Sometimes he drinks too much *okolehao*. Then he explodes like the volcano.'

'He doesn't sound like a very pleasant person,' Cynthia said. This round-eyed, dusky-skinned lad had already won her heart. 'Won't you tell me your name?'

'Molina,' came the prompt reply.

'Molina,' Cynthia repeated. 'I like that. And do you live here in Honolulu?'

The boy shook his head. 'I come here to visit my aunt. To-morrow I go home to Lania ——'

But Cynthia didn't hear the rest of Molina's sentence. With a startled cry of anguish, she caught Jerry's arm.

'There's Grandfather!' She half-whispered the words, and to her astonishment she felt as if her legs were going to double up under her.

As Jerry saw in the flesh the man who had been only a name to them for so many years, he, too, was swept by a strange emotion. It was as if they had suddenly waked from a dream. He was very tall and thin — this old gentleman who had cast off their mother in a fit of anger — with fierce white whiskers and hawk-like eyes.

In silence Cynthia and Jerry watched Tom and Adele rush up to him, and, having greeted him casually and burdened him with an avalanche of small packages, dash off to join some of their friends who had apparently come to the dock to welcome them home. Cynthia's keen eyes no-

ticed how the old man's shoulders suddenly slouched slightly forward.

'He's lonely!' Cynthia choked back an unexpected sob. 'Too much earth gold and not enough sun gold, I guess,' she whispered in Jerry's ear. And as they stood there, she wondered why she wasn't glad to see their grandfather unhappy, and was angry with herself because she wasn't. She was determined to hate him, and here was her heart already acting queerly at the very first glimpse of him. 'No, no,' she scolded herself severely, 'I won't forget.' And aloud she said pleadingly, 'Let's go, Jerry, it's so hot here.'

CHAPTER VII

ISLAND SUN GOLD

Cynthia and Jerry, laden with their belongings, pressed their way through the noisy, good-natured crowd gathered on the pier into the sunshine of the outside world.

'I don't wonder this place is called the Cross-Roads of the Pacific,' Jerry remarked, as he glanced back at the harbor crowded with ships from the four corners of the world.

In the days of Abigail Pearson seldom anything but a whaling ship had put into this harbor. Now one could always find at anchor a ship or two from the Orient, deep laden with a cargo of teas, embroideries, or carved ivory, journeying across the Pacific to America; stout trading vessels from the South Seas, their holds stored with hemp and copra; passenger steamers from Australia or some Canadian port; a fleet of American submarines with their mother ships; one of Uncle Sam's revenue cutters, recently returned from a strenuous tour of duty in Alaskan waters; a Belgian warship, perhaps, cruising leisurely around the world; and numberless craft of the Inter-Island Steamship Company that plied among the islands.

According to instructions from Judge Dillon, Cynthia and Jerry boarded a trolley car that would take them into the heart of the city, where they were to transfer to one bound for the beach. He had told them of a small family hotel at Waikiki and suggested they make it their headquarters.

'Think of all the nice creepy, crawly things you'll be able to find out here,' Cynthia laughed as she settled herself as comfortably as she could on one of the hard wooden seats of the trolley. 'Spiders, centipedes, and snakes. Ugh!'

'There aren't any snakes here, Cynthia, nor a single really poisonous insect of any kind, owing to the lack of certain minerals in the soil.'

'That's good news.' Cynthia had no more liking for such things than have most girls.

The trolley took them first past a large open market where Chinese, Japanese, and Hawaiians presided over the fish and vegetable stalls, and then past an ice house, and a lumber yard. And soon they were in the center of the city, surrounded by rows of large shops which displayed the latest fashions from Fifth Avenue, with here and there, squeezed in between, little low-browed buildings where stolid-eyed Chinese merchants, sitting on teakwood stools, offered for sale all kinds of strange and interesting things. Because

there was some Chinese festival being celebrated, rows of paper lanterns swung from the roofs, and banners fluttered from tall bamboo poles at the entrance-ways. All along the sidewalks, their flowers displayed in old buckets set on strips of worn coconut matting, sat the Hawaiian lei-sellers.

'I wish Jack were here. He could tell us what all these places are,' Cynthia remarked as they changed trolleys at King Street, and continued along their way to Waikiki. They were nearing a great building of concrete blocks, standing alone in the center of a spacious garden. From four sides it was approached by short avenues lined with stately royal palms. There was a broad flight of steps leading up to it, an overhanging balcony, and on the cupola above, a flagpole from which fluttered the American flag.

'That must be the Executive Building,' Jerry said, with a nod in its direction. 'You remember Jack pointed it out from the steamer. Before the revolution it was the Queen's palace.'

Cynthia's brows knitted in a slight frown as Jerry made this remark. Had he, too, realized that it was from this broad flight of steps that their grandfather had read the proclamation that had dissolved the little monarchy and proclaimed the islands a republic, and where a few

years later he had taken part in the annexation ceremonies? She could see him now, as he must have looked — tall, commanding, a little overbearing. He had not yet begun to be lonely. Their mother had often told them about it, for it had made a lasting impression on her young mind. Never had she forgotten that tragic moment when the beautiful Hawaiian flag floated down the halyards for the last time. The band had tried courageously to play the national anthem, but before it was half over most of its members had deserted, too overcome with grief to continue. Even the Americans, whose victory this was, had wept, for it was the funeral of a proud little nation.

Cynthia brushed her hand across her eyes as if to blur out the picture that she had just visioned. Was it always to be like this? Would every inch of this country remind her and Jerry continually of the grandfather whom they wished to forget as completely as he had forgotten their mother?

If Jerry had remembered, he gave no sign of it. Instead he called her attention to the bronze statue of Hawaii's most famous king, Kamehameha the First, who had united the warring islands into a peaceful kingdom under one ruler. It stood before the Judiciary Building opposite the palace. One hand of the King held a spear,

the other was extended toward his people, as if he was giving them his eternal blessing.

'The feather cloak and helmet that he is wearing were copied from the originals that are in the museum,' Jerry said. 'Somewhere I read that they're worth over a million dollars.'

'A million for a cloak and helmet! How could they have cost so much?'

'It took years to make them; the only feathers used being the two tiny yellow ones that grew under the Mamo bird's wings.'

'I'm beginning to think, Jerry, that you know more Hawaiian history than the islanders themselves.'

'Hardly that,' Jerry replied. 'I did find two or three interesting books on the steamer about the early days here and read them from cover to cover.'

The trolley stopped to let a round-eyed native girl alight with her pail of *poi*, a sticky bluish substance made from the root of the taro plant. Then as it jerked forward again, Cynthia asked in an excited voice, 'Did you have time to read that sign we just passed?'

'I must have been looking at something else. I didn't see any sign.'

'All I had time to read,' Cynthia went on, 'was "first frame house brought to the islands

around Cape Horn ——" It was standing in front of a white clapboard house.'

'It must have been the old Mission House where Great-Grandmother used to visit,' Jerry replied.

Though these two had never before set foot in this part of the world, they both felt that in some way it all belonged to them. Here was the Opera House where their mother had gone to see Nance O'Neil. There was Thomas Square, with its lovely golden shower trees and strange plumarias, whose mysterious flowers would blacken at the touch of human hands, where on Sunday she would drive with her father behind General and Don Q., a pair of spanking black horses, to listen to a band concert. And there was the Old Plantation with its hedge of scarlet hibiscus and its artesian well, and acres of coconut and banana trees — home of a distant cousin where she had been chased by an infuriated bull. They recognized it instantly from an old photograph that they had once seen.

Finally the trolley branched away from the main highway and cut across a tract of swampy land where hundreds of ducks lay sunning themselves.

'Next stop for the Hau Tree Inn,' the conductor sang out.

Jerry rose hastily, signaled that they wanted to get off, and the trolley creaked to a stop.

Following the direction indicated by a weather-beaten shingle tacked to the trunk of a palm tree, he and Cynthia turned into a narrow, sandy foot-path that straggled across a small coconut grove. As they walked, they could hear the dull booming of the surf. Soon they found themselves approaching a rambling old house of two stories, entirely surrounded by wide piazzas, or *lanais*, as Cynthia and Jerry soon learned to call them. The lanai toward the sea was protected from the glare of the sun by Japanese shades of bamboo slats. A row of twisted *haus*, from which the inn had taken its name, sheltered the place from the trade winds.

'What an interesting old house, Jerry,' said Cynthia, noticing its haphazard outline.

'Yes; I'm beginning to be afraid that it's a more expensive place than we can afford.'

'Perhaps we'd better not go in,' Cynthia replied quickly, trying to conceal her disappointment.

'Well, it won't hurt to ask,' Jerry said. 'Come along. There's a knocker.'

As if summoned by magic, an almond-eyed Japanese maid in a drab-colored silk kimono appeared suddenly before them.

'Plise,' she said, with a little indrawing of her breath, 'come in.' And, bobbing her head up and down with the jerkiness of a jointed doll, she backed away from them.

Cynthia and Jerry followed her into a large airy room with soft braided native mats on the floor that emitted an almost imperceptible odor of dead leaves as they trod over them. There were big easy chairs with cushions of gay chintz, a table of some beautiful polished wood with orderly piles of books and magazines upon it, and old oil lamps, that had been wired for electricity, bracketed to the four walls with reflectors back of them. Through the half-open casement window that faced the south, they could see a number of people on surf boards and paddling in canoes out along the reef.

Backing from the room, the maid left them to themselves. In another minute, however, they saw coming toward them a woman of stalwart figure and iron-gray hair, but with a youthful alertness of gesture and sprightliness of step.

'I am Mrs. Mason,' she announced briskly. 'And you are Cynthia and Jerry Jayne.'

There was not the least hint of a question in her voice as she made this statement, and Cynthia began to feel that there really were genii here who had revealed their identity to her.

But this mystery was soon dispelled, for Mrs. Mason went on pleasantly, 'Judge Dillon telephoned me that you were coming.'

'How nice of him,' Cynthia said, genuinely surprised that a chance acquaintance should display so much interest in their welfare.

Mrs. Mason studied the face before her — the delicate brows arched above dark eyes that held golden lights, the mouth that was ready to break into smiles, and the amazing fairness of her skin, and she did not wonder that Judge Dillon had found it worth his while to do this little kindness for her. She liked Jerry's face, reading in the firm line of his mouth and chin the fine qualities of his character.

'You are very fortunate to claim Judge Dillon as a friend,' she said to them both. 'And now I suppose you would like to see your rooms. They are on the *mauka* side of the house. You have probably not yet learned that in Hawaii we say *mauka*, toward the mountains, and *makai*, toward the sea, instead of north and south.'

'Perhaps we ought to discuss rates with you first, Mrs. Mason,' Jerry said, as she turned to lead the way upstairs. 'I'm afraid that these rooms may be more than we can afford. You see,' he hesitated, 'I don't know how long I'll be in finding work.'

'These rooms are small and over the kitchen, and as it is a bit out of season, I'm only asking you half the usual rates.'

'Oh, I am so glad,' Cynthia said happily at Jerry's acceptance of Mrs. Mason's offer. 'I can't wait to go down to the beach. It must be lovely at sunset.'

Mrs. Mason took them through a long corridor at the head of the stairs and, throwing open two doors, said, 'I hope you'll both be comfortable here. Luncheon is served at one o'clock.' And then she left them.

Cynthia chose the smaller of the two rooms for herself, principally because it had a large window that looked directly up into a distant valley. The walls were painted a soft pale green, and the curtains at the window were of gay chintz — morning glories in riotous color that trailed themselves across their length.

She gave a rapturous sigh as she pulled her hat from her head and brushed the damp curls from her forehead. 'With all this color around me I shall feel as if I were living in a rainbow,' she laughed. 'And speaking of rainbows, Jerry, behold that one now up in my valley.'

Through the window they could look into a far-distant valley into which the rain was misting gently. Long wisps of waterfalls slid silently over

the tremendous rocky walls that hemmed the valley in. Over all hung a rainbow, as if some fairy creature had flung her gorgeous scarf there.

By the time that the luncheon bell sounded, Cynthia was completely settled in her new home, having unpacked her suitcase, written two or three letters to old neighbors in Clayton, and changed from her traveling dress into a fresh lavender linen frock.

Mrs. Mason was waiting for her and Jerry at the door that opened out on to the lanai where the table was set for luncheon. She introduced them to the other guests, a dozen or more in all, and then motioned them to seats near her.

In the center of the table was a round calabash filled with salmon pink hibiscus, their stems buried deep in sand instead of water, and surrounding it were dishes filled with relishes, spiced mangoes, *poha* jam — made out of a small yellow fruit that looked like tiny tomatoes, Chinese onions, and fresh watercress. Dinner was served by the Japanese maid, Tura, and her husband Watanobe. They came in carrying platters of steaming mullet broiled over the coals, halves of breadfruit baked in the oven, Chinese cabbage, and new potatoes. Later for dessert they had guava ice cream and coconut frosted cakes.

It was over the ice cream that Cynthia made

friends with David Bliss, a boy of eight or nine years of age, who sat across the table from her. David had been trying to attract her attention for some time by surrounding his plate with a wall of small spiral shells that were exquisitely marked and colored.

'Aren't they lovely!' Cynthia smiled over at him. 'Do you suppose I can find some like them on the beach?'

David grinned. 'They don't grow on the beaches,' he informed her importantly. 'They're land shells. They grow on trees.'

'On trees?' Cynthia repeated, eyeing David dubiously. 'Honest?'

'Umhum! An' every different kind of tree has a different kind of shell on it. Some are all spotted, and some have colored lines running round an' round 'em; an', oh, there's hundreds of other kinds. I'll show you where to get 'em some day,' he said all in one breath.

'Will you really?'

'Sure.'

'And may I take my brother along with us when we go?' asked Cynthia.

'Yep! We can go right now.'

'Oh, I'm sorry. I'd like to, but you see, unfortunately Jerry and I have business to attend to before we can play.'

'Really?' this time David was skeptical.

'Honest Injun!'

And so, though their hearts were filled with a longing to seek out their mother's old home first of all, Cynthia and Jerry hurried away to the Experimental Station to see Mr. Giles, as Judge Dillon had advised them.

They went so full of hope and courage that the superintendent's words came as a blow to them.

'I'm sorry. Not a chance here. Haven't a thing to offer. Only possible suggestion I can make is that you go directly to one of the sugar plantations. There's a bare chance that you might land something on the Nanakuli Plantation. That's on the Big Island. They've just bought up a huge new tract of land, and are going to clear it for the planting of more cane. But you'll have to make up your mind to start at the bottom of the ladder. Too much family out here. A newcomer can't squeeze in edgewise. Take Hanama Plantation for instance. Handed down from father to son since the beginning of time.'

'I'll do anything at all,' Jerry replied, so earnestly that the superintendent said cheerfully, 'That's the stuff. You know, I believe that you can get anything you want, if you want it bad enough. Trouble is with most of us we don't care enough. A bit of my own philosophy, but if you

ever feel blue and discouraged sit down and think it over.'

'Anyway we can't starve in a country like this,' Cynthia said lightly, as they left the station and went out into the street. 'We can pick our breakfast off the trees,' she added laughing a little, as they passed by a banana tree heavily laden with a great bunch of yellow bananas. 'We're surrounded with sun gold.' As she spoke, she captured a handful of truant petals that came swirling down from a flowering tree over their heads. 'Look at them, Jerry, they're pure gold.'

Jerry took the petals that she offered him.

'We mustn't be like Midas and wish that everything we touch be turned to gold.'

'That's true. It doesn't always mean happiness.' Cynthia was thinking of Tom and Adele as she spoke. 'Still,' she laughed, 'I don't think I'd ever refuse my share if it were offered me. There's such a lot of things I'd like to do if I were rich.' Into her mind flew a vision of the little lame diving boy made well and strong like the other boys of his age, through an operation perhaps, or good care and nourishing food.

'For one thing,' Jerry suggested jokingly, 'we'd be riding in a motor car to the Board of Education instead of taking this long hot walk.'

'You know I like to walk as well as you do,'

Cynthia answered him. 'There's so much to see. No, I wouldn't hire a motor car with my gold,' she ended, smiling.

At the Board of Education they met with some success. The superintendent had that morning received word that one of his regular teachers was seriously ill and would not be able to take her position at the beginning of the school year.

'It may mean but a few weeks, or a month or two at best,' he informed Cynthia, after having read her credentials. 'Of course you may not want to go so far away.'

'Oh, yes,' Cynthia answered breathlessly, for fear the superintendent might change his mind.

'While in Laniakea, you will live with the principal, Miss Corbett.'

'Yes, sir.'

'In the class that you will teach there are fifteen different nationalities, and most of the pupils are children of the plantation workers.'

'It sounds fascinating,' Cynthia exclaimed enthusiastically, as she thought of the rows upon rows of children — black, white, yellow, every color under the sun — eagerly waiting for her to bring them the knowledge they needed.

'Fascinating?' echoed the superintendent. 'I guess there's no doubt about your being able to fill the position,' he went on with a grim smile.

He wished all his teachers felt that same way about this difficult problem of trying to blend into a harmonious whole not only the East and the West but the North and South. Quickly he wrote out a card and passed it to Cynthia.

Silently Cynthia read the words on it. 'Report to Miss Martha Corbett, Kaiulani School, Laniakea, Hawaii, on Tuesday, September 16.' Then she passed it to Jerry, and her face lighted with smiles as she said, 'Our luck's turning.'

CHAPTER VIII

TWO LIONS AND A CIRCUS PRINCESS

CYNTHIA and Jerry were standing by the lanai rail after supper, looking out at the sea. The sun, sinking back of the distant Waianae Range, had tinted it a thousand different hues, until it resembled the harbor of a sunset sky. Overhead bits of clouds — rose, and saffron and violet — drifted like rudderless ships seeking a haven of rest. Gradually they came to anchor along the horizon line, curtaining the sun in robes of glory.

Below them, Cynthia could see David Bliss playing on the beach. With boisterous shouts, he would swoop down after sand crabs, or else wade in the shallow water and, with a scoop net, try to catch *opais*, or shrimps. His mother, sitting on a bench near him, made periodical lunges at a too inquisitive mosquito.

'I wonder what David would say if I should tell him that we're going out lion-hunting to-night?' Cynthia questioned her brother.

'He'd probably want to go along with us, until he discovered that they were stone lions,' Jerry replied. 'Shall we go along now?'

'Yes, let's hurry,' came Cynthia's eager reply.

As they cut across a coconut grove and came out into the main road, the moon peered down at them from the rim of Diamond Head, and then sailed laughingly up into a sky full of stars.

'It's the same old moon that we used to watch come up over the hill in Clayton,' Cynthia mused. 'Only it seems so much more golden here.'

'And brighter, too,' Jerry added. 'I believe I could even read by it.'

Cynthia and Jerry caught the sound of happy laughing voices as a long line of motors, filled with people in evening clothes, swept past them.

'Every one's going to a party,' Cynthia said. 'I remember, some one said that there was to be a dance at the Moana to-night, in honor of the army officers and their wives who came in this afternoon on the transport.'

'That must be the Moana ahead of us now,' Jerry replied, as they came into view of a huge white building with a broad flight of steps leading up to it, and a myriad of colored lights strung the length of the lanai.

'If it is, Jerry, then that lovely old place opposite must be where Princess Kaiulani used to live. Remember, Mother told us she was taken there to call on Robert Louis Stevenson before he left for Samoa?'

'That's right. Keep your eyes open, for our lions should be around the next curve.'

A group of native horseback riders cantered by, singing an old Hawaiian song as they went. Both the men and the women wore leis around their necks, and some of them had tucked a rose or two behind their horses' ears. Cynthia watched them out of sight; then, turning swiftly to her brother, she said anxiously, 'Jerry, what will we do if Grandfather has had the lions taken away? I — I never thought of that until this minute.'

Jerry caught his sister's hand in his and gave it a little reassuring squeeze. 'Open your eyes wide. Don't you see anything?'

Cynthia stared intently ahead of her. Then, she caught her breath. 'Yes, yes; I see the lions, just as Mother described them to us. Come, Jerry, let's run.'

Before them, partly shadowed by the ironwood trees that lined the avenue, was a grilled iron gateway, and on either side of it smaller ones, guarded by two majestic lions, cast in terra-cotta, and mounted on high pedestals.

Soon the two were standing directly before the central entrance-way, staring at the white-pillared mansion at the end of the wide drive, where their mother had spent the first eighteen

years of her life. Light streamed from all the windows, turning the terrace before it into a giant checkerboard of black and yellow squares.

'They're having a party,' Cynthia whispered, hearing music. 'Sh!' she warned, for the music had stopped suddenly, and a girl's voice, low and vibrant, drifted out to them, 'Yes, it's great to be home again.'

Both Cynthia and Jerry recognized it at once as Adele's voice.

Cynthia's hands clenched and her heart leaped. 'It isn't fair!' she cried out passionately. 'I don't want to be fêted and entertained, but why should we have to stand out here, shut away from Mother's own things? I want to read her books. I want to sit under the banyan tree and play with her dolls. I want to watch the "boot-boot hole" where the water bubbles up from the spring. Well,' she ended defiantly, but there was a hint of tears in her voice, 'there's no one to stop me from riding the lions and pretending that I am the Circus Princess.'

As easily as a boy, she swung herself up on one of the pedestals beside the great creature's paw, then, catching hold of his mane, pulled herself to his back. In the soft light of the moon she, too, looked as if she might have been carved from stone. She sat leaning slightly back, with one

hand thrown carelessly on the lion's haunch, her face tip-tilted to the stars. What was she thinking of up there? Her heart was filled with a mixture of tenderness, and longing, and indignation. Was she always to be torn like this by love and hate? No, no, she was the Circus Princess, whose duty it was to laugh, and to make others laugh with her.

'What a fierce old fellow this lion is!' she called down to Jerry, determined to put all unhappiness out of her mind. 'Why, I do believe this is the one with the missing tooth. You remember, Uncle Tom exploded a toy bomb in his mouth one Fourth of July?'

She broke off abruptly as a door at the side of the great house swung slowly open, and a tall man with slightly stooped shoulders came through it.

Cynthia's heart beat a mad tattoo against her breast.

'It's Grandfather,' she whispered in a whirl of agitation and dismay. 'Quick! Help me down! He mustn't see us here.'

Jerry held up his arms and Cynthia dropped into them. And there, secure in the shadow of the lion, they stood watching the figure silhouetted sharply against the moonlit sky. The old man moved haltingly through the garden to

the beach, and there stood staring out over the endless breathing waters. He seemed deaf to the merriment that was going on within the house. Had they known it, it was the blaring saxophones that had driven the Colonel out-of-doors. He hated the barbarous, syncopated music of the day. But the garden was too full of memories to give him the peace he sought.

Cynthia wondered if it was only the sighing of the wind through the palms that she heard as her grandfather restlessly paced the driveway in front of the house. She found herself fighting a strange yearning desire to rush to him and put her arms around him.

'What in the devil are you two prowling around here for?' A voice came out of the shadows.

It was so unexpected, so without warning of any kind, that Cynthia, clutching Jerry, gave a startled cry.

Neither of them had seen Tom leave the house nor cross the terrace, but there he was beside them, sneering at their apparent discomfiture. 'Trespassing again, eh?' he mocked. 'Only this time you don't seem to have any excuse ready.'

Cynthia could feel the muscles in Jerry's arm tighten. She must say something, but how could she explain their presence here without betraying

'WHAT IN THE DEVIL ARE YOU TWO PROWLING AROUND HERE FOR?'

the real motive of their visit? Never had she felt at such a loss for words. Then, to her own inward amusement, she heard herself saying, 'Why, I was just trying to persuade this lion to go home with me. He's such a nice old thing.'

'Think you're funny, don't you?' retorted Tom.

'It does sound rather silly, doesn't it,' agreed Cynthia, flashing him a smile, 'but please don't worry. He positively refuses to leave his twin brother.'

'Who told you that I lived here, anyway?' Tom demanded next.

'Did you really think that we took the trouble to come way out here to see you?' Jerry asked with an unwonted show of sarcasm.

'Oh, no! I suppose you came out to look for some more pamphlets.'

'Jerry, let's not quarrel with him,' Cynthia broke in. Then, catching sight of their grandfather moving slowly along the driveway toward them, she cried out in alarm, 'Please, please, he mustn't see us. Come.'

'So you're afraid of my grandfather, are you?' Tom jeered.

Before he could say more, Cynthia had seized her brother by the hand, and the two of them were running down the road.

Tom burst into exaggerated roars of laughter.

'The big boob!' Jerry exploded. 'He thinks he's frightened us away.'

'Don't go back, Jerry. Oh, dear, it's all my fault,' Cynthia panted, when they paused for breath under the protecting arms of a banyan tree some distance from the Gates mansion.

Jerry ran his hand through his hair. 'I guess it's lucky that we are going to live on one of the other islands.'

'Yes, it's best, Jerry.'

Back at the Hau Tree Hotel David greeted them with 'Hello! Where did you go walking?'

'Down the road a bit,' Cynthia smiled down at him.

'You should have stayed with me. I went surfing, an' had an exciting time.'

'So did we.'

'Just walking?' rather scornfully from David.

'No, riding lions and pretending I was a Circus Princess.'

'Humph!' sniffed David unbelievingly.

'Humph yourself, David, and now good-night.'

CHAPTER IX

CYNTHIA BEGINS HER QUEST

After their unpleasant experience with Tom, Cynthia begged Jerry to make arrangements at once for their passage to Laniakea.

David Bliss and his mother accompanied them to the dock the day they left and hung wreaths of ilima flowers about their necks. Cynthia loved this custom of saying good-bye with flowers. It made such a festive occasion of the steamer's departure. Every one on board, from the Captain to the lowest steerage passenger, had at least one flower — tucked into a coat lapel, or, if the coat was missing, behind an ear, or caught coyly in the folds of a kimono or holoku.

The little inter-island steamer spurned the services of a pilot in navigating the narrow channel out to the open sea. Soon she was skirting the beach — past Waikiki, where Jerry and Cynthia could plainly see the hotel with its row of gnarled hau trees; past Diamond Head behind whose protecting walls lay hidden the Coast Artillery Garrison, and out into the channel that divides Oahu from Molokai.

The Mikahala's first stop was at Lahaina, Maui. There a number of passengers disembarked. As they clambered awkwardly down the swaying gangway, there were shouts of warning from the men and nervous giggles from the women. It was no easy thing to leap into the small boats that bobbed about on the waves like corks. Though the moon was up, the Mikahala turned her searchlight toward the shore to help in guiding the boats to their landing-place. Cynthia and Jerry wanted to go ashore, but the Captain warned them that there was not time for sight-seeing, so they had to content themselves with a view of the town from the decks.

It was here in Lahaina that Abigail Pearson had first taught school, numbering among her pupils a gray-haired king. It was here, too, that she had met the first Thomas Gates and fallen in love with him, and married him, her wedding taking place in the garden of the mission home at evening-tide, when the oleanders were at their sweetest. There had been no trousseau, nor wedding gown, nor cake. Life was too strenuous for such frivolities. They had simply been married and gone on with their work uninterrupted. And there had been much work for them to do, for then the whaling industry was at its height, and the town swarmed with sailors who

disliked the missionaries and incited the natives to riot against them; but righteousness won in the end and Abigail Pearson Gates and her husband came to be loved and honored and obeyed.

The boats returning from the docks brought with them a few boxes of freight, a crate of chickens, and a scared Japanese woman with a sleepy-eyed baby strapped to her back. There were cheers from the passengers when a husky stevedore picked the woman and her baby up in his arms and hoisted them to the companionway of the Mikahala with as much ease as if they had been a bag of sugar. Once again the anchor was lifted, a final blast of the ship's whistle echoed through the night, the engines began to throb, and the steamer was heading once more for the open sea.

'As we must turn out at five in the morning, we'd better seek our bunks,' Jerry said, as they watched the lights of Lahaina gradually disappear.

'You are right,' his sister replied. 'It wouldn't do to appear sleepy-eyed before my principal-to-be.'

All the passengers were beginning to settle down for the night, those in the steerage unrolling blankets and trying to make themselves comfortable on the cramped deck. There was

one native youth, however, who seemed loath to waste the night in sleep. Above the lapping of the waves, Cynthia could hear his mellow voice lifted up in song.

Steamer day in Laniakea was always a time of great excitement, and the morning of Cynthia's and Jerry's arrival was no exception to the rule. It seemed as if the entire countryside had poured into the town. A few came on business — a postmaster from an inland village to collect his single pouch of mail; a storekeeper or two to await the unloading of a consignment of goods — anything from a few mouldy hams to a bolt of red calico. Squatting on their heels along the dusty roadway that led down to the landing were four or five Japanese men. They had just driven in a herd of burros loaded with hundred-pound bags of coffee from the famous Macomber Ranch. The manager of a plantation, a white man with a face as brown as a native's, had come down to the dock in the hope of catching a glimpse of a familiar face, or of getting the latest Honolulu gossip, political or otherwise, from the Captain; for life in Laniakea was strenuous but dull. And of course there were dogs aplenty and children — mongrels all — the dogs stealing slyly about in search of food, the children seeking customers to buy their

wares — grapes, figs, pomegranates, and custard apples.

It was José Santos, a thin-lipped Portuguese boy, with a swarthy skin and short bristling dark hair, who confronted Cynthia as she stepped ashore, and, opening a dirty bandana handkerchief, displayed to her a bunch of luscious grapes with the bloom still on them. He shoved them rudely up under her nostrils so that she could get the delicious sweet breath of them, and, holding out the palm of one grimy hand, bellowed, 'How much you gimme for zeeze?' Then suddenly, before Cynthia could answer, he leaped back, struck up an absurd posture, and, calling the other children close about him, told them with an elaborate wave of his hand, 'She ees the new ticher! Oh, swell, eh?'

The next minute he was fleeing along the dock as fast as his two legs could take him. Cynthia, looking up to see what it was had frightened him away, saw coming toward her a trim little lady of middle age, dressed in a serviceable tweed skirt and stiffly starched white linen waist. Her hair, which was iron-gray, was swept severely back from her forehead and pinned firmly on the nape of her neck. She wore no hat, but instead carried a huge Chinese parasol, gaudily painted with dragons, and smelling strongly of oil.

For one interminable minute, or so it seemed to Cynthia, the little lady surveyed her frankly, then came quickly to her, grasped her hand and pumped it vigorously up and down, meanwhile exclaiming, 'I'm Miss Corbett,' and without a pause, she continued, 'What was the School Board thinking of to send you here? You are far too pretty to be planted in this out-of-the-way place.'

'But I wanted to come,' Cynthia protested.

'And I hope you will want to stay, my dear,' said Miss Corbett. 'It will do me a world of good to have a young and lovely creature to feast my eyes on. Look here, José Santos,' she went on, all in the same breath, for her keen eyes had spotted that youth creeping stealthily up behind a little Chinese lad. 'Leave Ho Tong alone and tackle a boy your own size.' Her voice boomed out at José with unexpected severity.

José gave a sudden backward somersault, and then, vaulting over a pile of gunny sacks, leaped off up the road. Miss Corbett watched him go with an amused twinkle in her beady black eyes; then she remarked: 'You've got to be firm with these plantation children if you want to be in command of the situation. You will find that out for yourself before the first day of school is over. Is that your brother?'

'Yes, Miss Corbett, this is my brother Jerry. He is going on to Nanakuli.'

'But first he is going to have breakfast with us,' said Miss Corbett firmly. 'And if we don't hurry along, there will be *pilikia*, which perhaps you already know is the native word for trouble. You will not believe it, but Matsu, my maid-of-all-work, rules my little house. She persists in making me breakfast at this unearthly hour.'

Before starting up the steep incline that led through the village, Miss Corbett commandeered a small boy named Laki to help carry Cynthia's handbags. Jerry had checked his own things through to Nanakuli. Miss Corbett set the pace, marching on in advance of the others. Laki lagged in the rear, grinning broadly, for he felt it a great honor to be placed in charge of the new teacher's personal possessions.

'I must begin to educate you at once,' Miss Corbett called over her shoulder to Cynthia and Jerry. 'The old black fort on your right was the work of the great Kamehameha. The natives can't be hired to go near it after dark. They call it the Place of the Ghosts, for once upon a time its walls were bordered with hideous images. It was here, too, that one of Kamehameha's wives broke the tabu forbidding women to sit at the same table with the men and to partake

of the same foods. When the women found that no serious result ensued, they all demanded equal rights and refused to be banished any longer.'

Just then a drove of half-wild steers came milling along the road, being urged on their way by a number of cowboys. Miss Corbett hastily piloted her procession to safety by guiding them into the village store.

Great clouds of red dust swirled up from under the animals' thundering hoofs and hung like a thick veil in the still morning air. It filtered through the open windows and door of the store, covering everything it touched with a film of fine reddish powder. Through the dust, however, Cynthia could see the poor frightened creatures being herded along the water's edge.

'They are going to be taken out to the Mikahala,' announced Miss Corbett. 'Heathenish practice,' she added tersely, as a cowboy sought to persuade one of the steers into the water by a violent twisting of his tail. The steer tried vainly to escape, but finally in desperation took to the sea as the lesser of two evils. The cowboy followed after him, and, having lassoed him about the horns, tied him to the side of a boat that was waiting to tow the animals out to the Mikahala.

'Why is it allowed?' Cynthia asked, a hurt look in her eyes.

Miss Corbett laughed a slow, mirthless laugh. 'They call me a soft-hearted fool because for years I have been trying to put a stop to it. Good-morning, Kale,' she went on, addressing an aged Hawaiian man, who, hat in hand, had come into the store.

'Aloha! Aloha!' came the man's quick friendly greeting, and his eyes scanned the newcomers' faces. Then turning to Miss Corbett, he said, 'To-night I bring you some fine pink poi for the *malehines* (strangers).'

'Thank you, Kale. Kale's poi is famous the islands over,' Miss Corbett explained to her two companions. 'King Kalakaua would eat no other poi than that made by the hands of Kale. You will probably find it as appetizing as sour paste the first time you eat it, but you will acquire the habit with time.'

They left the little store and turned into a lane shaded by breadfruit and mango trees, and here there were houses — a mission, a courthouse, and a native church built of white coral stones, where once the missionaries in their pointed hats and demure bonnets had worshiped. Then, suddenly, they came out into an open space. Before them lay the great mountain masses of Hawaii.

Cynthia grasped Jerry's arm with a low exclamation of delight. To the eastward, appearing very near because of the clearness of the atmosphere, towered Mauna Loa with its snow-crested peaks. To the north rose the barren mass of Hualalai, scarred by flow after flow of black lava, and in between was Mauna Kea, a third volcano, the highest island mountain in the world.

Both Cynthia and Jerry felt awed by the majesty of these tremendous mountains. They felt very small and impotent in the scheme of things. But Miss Corbett was too familiar with the scene to be hushed into silence by its beauty.

'Here we are,' she announced in a matter-of-fact tone, as they turned into a footpath lined with scarlet hibiscus, and leading the way up the front steps she pushed open the wide glass-paneled door that opened directly into the living-room of her house.

Cynthia felt as if she had stepped across the threshold into a bit of Japan. She was surprised at the spaciousness and attractiveness of it, too.

'It's all Matsu's doing,' Miss Corbett explained, seeing Cynthia's look of pleasure. 'She's got the true Oriental instinct for the artistic. You understand now why I allow myself to be ruled.' And she gave a low chuckle.

The floor of the room was covered with soft cream-colored matting; hiding the door that opened into the dining-room was an exquisite screen, the framework of carved ebony, the panels of green satin embroidered in roses and lilies and sprays of feathery bamboo. There was little furniture in the room — a couple of high, peacock-backed chairs, a low table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a larger one of koa wood, upon which sat a squat lamp with a shade of rice paper, and several comfortable chairs upholstered in tapestries that originated somewhere in Japan. Matsu herself was not in evidence, nor did she appear until she came silently to the door to announce that breakfast was ready, which she did with a solemn nod of her head.

'It's not so much what she says as what she doesn't say,' Miss Corbett confided to Jerry with the slightest wink of one eye.

At Miss Corbett's invitation, Cynthia had already taken off her hat and coat. Laki had deposited the bags on the lanai and, with the shiny quarter that Jerry had given him clasped tightly in his hand, had scurried off to swagger with importance before his schoolmates who were eagerly awaiting advance news of the new 'ticher.'

Never was a breakfast more appreciated than

this one which Matsu set before the two travelers and their hostess. There were slices of yellow papaya served on green plates and decorated with slices of lemon. This was followed by bowls of oatmeal covered with thick clotted cream, a platter of taro cakes, fried in oil and served in a pool of golden maple syrup, a plate of crisp buttered toast, and bowls of fragrant tea.

'There's no fear of my starving here, Jerry,' Cynthia laughed, as they all arose from the table. 'When next you see me, I'll probably be as fat and round as old Santa Claus.'

'Tut, tut, child,' chided Miss Corbett. 'Remember that I have been faring like this for three years.'

Cynthia flushed. 'Oh, but you are not——'

'You are quite right, my dear. I am stout. There's no denying it, but I am helpless in Matsu's hands. I wish to diet. She won't allow me to. I assure you she's a Tartar.'

It would have been difficult, indeed, not to like Miss Corbett. One minute it was easy to imagine her as an iron woman, domineering, dictatorial, sweeping everything and everybody before her; the next, as a very human and understanding soul, thinking only kindly thoughts of others.

Jerry was very happy at the idea of leaving

Cynthia in her care. 'I can't thank you enough for letting Cynthia come to live with you,' he now said to Miss Corbett. 'I was so afraid she would be lonely at first, for we have always been great pals.'

'It's I should be thanking you, Mr. Jerry. When we old ones are on the downward slope, we take our pleasures by watching the young and through them reliving our own happy days.' For a moment a tired look flitted across Miss Corbett's kindly face, but it was quickly gone. 'Can't we persuade you to remain with us for a few days?'

Jerry shook his head. 'I wish I could, but I'm walking, and, as I want to get to the plantation by Monday, I'll have to leave right away.'

'Matsu will pack a luncheon for you before you leave.'

'Please, don't bother.'

'Bother? It's no bother to me, I assure you. If it were, I might not have offered so freely, for I find myself growing very indolent with the passing of the years.' But in spite of the little lady's words, both Cynthia and Jerry felt that, should the occasion arise, Miss Corbett would be the first to wield the knife and create sandwiches.

Miss Corbett summoned Matsu to her by a clap of her hands. Turning to her, she broke into

the pidgin English commonly used in addressing servants. 'Mr. Jerry, he go leave us pretty soon. You make him good big sandwiches, roast beef and deviled ham ——'

Matsu's lip curled slightly. There was no other evident disapproval of her mistress' order, for her words were spoken with great civility. 'I go make *chicken*, not loast beef,' she said, stumbling over the unconquerable English *r*.

'Very well, Matsu.'

As soon as the Japanese woman had gone from the room, Miss Corbett turned to Cynthia, saying: 'That Matsu has offered to make chicken sandwiches for your brother is a sign that he has created a favorable impression. I shall now venture to offer to him the hospitality of this house whenever he sees fit to return our way.'

Cynthia flew into her brother's arms. 'Yes, Jerry, you must come soon. I shall miss you dreadfully.'

'If I don't come once in a while, I shall probably lead a sockless and buttonless life.'

'There's more truth in that statement than fiction,' Cynthia laughed, knowing well that once her brother became absorbed in his work he would be utterly unconscious of everything else.

An hour or so later, Cynthia, standing on the top step of Miss Corbett's bungalow, fluttered

her handkerchief to Jerry, as she watched his long, lean figure disappear around a bend in the road. He was carrying a knapsack that he had purchased at the village store. In this were the sandwiches that Matsu had made, some ripe mangoes, and a slice of cake. Miss Corbett had also provided him with a canteen of coffee.

The morning had grown hot, for the great mountain masses shut out the regular trade winds during the day.

Cynthia suddenly felt herself engulfed in a wave of homesickness. She wanted to cry out to Jerry to come back and take her with him. Fortunately just then Miss Corbett's big jolly voice boomed across the yard to her. 'Miss Cynthia, Miss Cynthia, Laki is here with his pet monkey. Come and see the little rascal!'

Cynthia fluttered her handkerchief in a last farewell; then turning she ran swiftly to Miss Corbett.

The little lady greeted her with a smile. 'Like Matsu's chicken sandwiches, Laki's showing you his monkey is a mark of great favor conferred only on the chosen few.'

Laki, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, with the blood of ancient chiefs flowing in his veins, beamed up at Cynthia, as she went into rhapsodies over the impish creature in his arms.

'And where do you live, Laki?' Cynthia questioned.

Laki pointed down into the valley where Cynthia could see a dozen or so grass huts perched on the edge of a cliff that dropped abruptly away to the peacock-blue sea. Laniakea was one of the few places left in the islands where the natives still lived as they had in the early days. Here one could often hear the rhythmic pounding of the poi pestle, and on festive days see little smoking outdoor ovens where pigs and chickens were roasted. The women, too, still made their hats from the braided leaves of the coconut tree and their mats from the dried and split leaves of the *lauhala*.

'Me and my brother Molina live down there with my uncle,' said Laki.

'Molina?' Cynthia's voice expressed surprise mingled with delight.

'*Ae*. You know him?' Laki asked eagerly.

'Is your brother lame?'

Laki nodded his head vigorously in the affirmative.

Here Miss Corbett broke in, saying: 'You'll find him in your class, Miss Cynthia. That is,' she amended, 'you'll find him there whenever he's well enough to attend. Poor little fellow! He's not very strong.'

'Jerry will be interested to learn that he's to be one of my pupils,' Cynthia said. 'You see, we saw him diving for coins in the harbor the day of our arrival. He was so spunky and cheerful in spite of his lameness.'

'He's bright as a dollar,' declared Miss Corbett. 'If he was only as strong as the other boys, I think he'd make his mark in the world. He's modeled some very remarkable things for me out of clay.'

Cynthia's eyes brightened. 'Isn't that splendid! If there's anything that Jerry and I can do to help give him a chance, I hope you will let us.'

'You'll have plenty of opportunity to help him, I assure you,' Miss Corbett said, with a shake of her head. 'His home life is none too happy, I'm afraid, and I guess there are days when he doesn't have enough to eat. His uncle, with whom he lives, is a slovenly old fellow who likes to do nothing but lie in the sun and sleep.'

CHAPTER X

A TEMPEST

The great house at Waikiki, with its stately colonnades and its patio, paved in red-and-blue tiles, had been built by Colonel Gates the year that he courted and married Lucinda Wales, of Berkshire County, California, and brought her to it as a bride.

She had first seen it spread fanwise, clear and sharp against the white blue of the morning sky. She had laughed softly when she saw the terra-cotta lions, and then moved forward in an ecstasy of delight through the iron gateway, and, following the avenue of palms, gone directly to the garden about it that looked out across the shining tropical sea, peaceful and happy in the sunshine.

Into the building of this lovely house and even lovelier garden had gone something of the Colonel's heart, and from the day of its completion he had loved it passionately, almost as if it had been a human thing. But now that every nook and cranny of them both were peopled for him with ghosts, his love was tinged with a bitter loneliness.

In the depth of the garden, cool beneath the shade of great trees, was a little pool, fragrant with pink hyacinths and the great creamy flowers of the Chinese lotus. The Colonel never went there now, for he could always see mirrored in its heart his daughter Cherilla's face, with its half-mocking, half-teasing smile.

Once when Tom was a little boy he had fallen fully clothed into this pool, for, in a sudden rage at his grandfather, who had unwittingly trampled underfoot his ant village, he had stepped backward and lost his balance. The Colonel had often heard that a dash of cold water in the face was highly recommended as a remedy for tantrums, but, though Tom's head was completely submerged, he came to the surface kicking and yelling harder than ever.

Tom and Adele had not actually gone to live with their grandfather until they were ready to enter Honopu School, that ancient seat of learning in Honolulu that had the distinction of being 'the first chartered west of the Rocky Mountains,' and to which the missionaries and the California gold-seekers of '49 had sent their children. In Tom and Adele's day it had grown from one white-plastered building to a cluster of beautiful edifices surrounding a splendid campus and shut in by a high wall overrun with night-

blooming cereus, that strange cactus-like plant that once a year bursts into bewildering bloom.

Previous to this, Adele and Tom had lived in their own home, which was on the island of Kauai, the most northerly of the group, and there they had been under complete charge of Miss Mary McLeod, a middle-aged Scotch woman. Their father, Thomas Gates, Jr., was rarely ever at home, his business of looking after the Colonel's sugar and rubber interests taking him away to various parts of the world — India, Sumatra, the Philippines, Cuba. Mrs. Gates, whom the Colonel disliked intensely, and had once likened to a huge spider, forever basking in the sunshine in the center of her web, had always hated to be annoyed with the intimate details of her offspring's lives. She could never bear to hear about orange juice, coddled eggs, and cod-liver oil, the very smell of which made her ill.

Perhaps if Cynthia could have looked back through the years and known Miss McLeod, she would have understood a little why Tom and Adele had never so much as glimpsed the things that she had discovered early in life under the guidance of her mother. No two people could have been more unlike than Mrs. Jayne and Miss McLeod. Their natures were as far apart as the two poles.

Miss McLeod was intensely practical, but without an atom of imagination. She had been hired as a capable governess, and a capable governess she was, teaching her young charges to perform creditably on the grand piano, to read, write, and add columns of figures with amazing skill; but when it came to coping with their difficult temperaments, she was at a complete loss as to how to handle them. She herself would have resorted to the birch rod had she been permitted, but as that method of chastising was forbidden, all she could do was to sit in outraged silence before one of Tom's passionate rages or Adele's fits of stubbornness.

That Adele and Tom at sixteen resembled Chanticleer, who believe that the sun rose at his express command, was not surprising. As the Colonel had himself admitted, he had done little else but spoil and pamper them through the years, and in this he had been constantly aided and abetted by the world at large, for wherever they went they were always objects of interest. 'Old Colonel Gates's grandchildren, you know!' people would whisper, as if that would explain and excuse everything, and always they smiled.

Those who were in any way indebted to the Colonel smiled the most, and cheerfully forgave Tom and Adele when they were disagreeable.

The servants in the big house also smiled. That was what they were hired to do. And because every year at Christmas time Adele and Tom handed them presents from the gayly illuminated, tinsel-bedecked ironwood tree that stood in the Colonel's garden, the children of the streets smiled broadly.

Even Maria Fernandez, the little Portuguese dressmaker, who was said herself to possess a temper as unreliable as a volcano, always managed to beam at Adele. Maria could not forget the treasures that her young mistress had bestowed upon her; buckles, feathers, hats, an old ivory fan covered with spangles, and once an evening cloak that was lined with silver cloth. Of course these were things Adele had tired of, but that didn't matter to Maria. Attired in this cast-off finery, she was quite the belle of that little settlement on the slopes of Punchbowl, often disrespectfully referred to as 'Portagee Town.'

Fortunately Tom and Adele were both brilliant in athletics as well as in their studies. There were times when Tom's defiance of his orders would try the football coach almost beyond endurance. Then, it was only by remembering the gymnasium, and the dormitory, and the paintings in the library, all gifts of Tom's

grandfather, and by reminding himself of Tom's famous kick in one of the games that had won the championship the previous year, that he refrained from sending Tom off the field for good and all.

No one but the most humble and self-sacrificing person in the world could have survived all this attention without some show of snobbishness, or better-than-thou attitude; and neither Tom nor Adele was in the least humble or self-sacrificing.

'And if I have a temper, from whom did I inherit it?' Adele asked impertinently. She was perched on the arm of the chair in her grandfather's study.

Colonel Gates, sitting opposite her at his koa desk, ignored her question and went on: 'School closes next week Thursday for the Christmas vacation. We shall leave the following day for Manuwai.'

'But I tell you I won't go and be bored by old Mrs. Billings. I'm going to stay right here and have a party of my own.' Adele's eyes flashed fire as she spit out the words at her grandfather.

'But, my dear child, you can have your party on our return. There is no need of our staying more than two or three days. Have a New

Year's party if you wish — a dance, surfing party, anything you desire.'

Adele's lip pouted. 'I don't want to go,' she repeated stubbornly.

Then the unexpected happened. Colonel Gates shut his jaw hard. He pushed back his chair, rose to his feet, and, thumping the desk with his fist, spoke sharply. 'Young lady, it is high time you did do something that you don't want to do. You and Tom are going to Mrs. Billings's for Christmas. I've pampered and petted you both all your lives, feeling that by giving you your hearts' desires I could make up for the one terrible mistake I made in the years gone by. But all I seem to have accomplished is to make you both totally and absolutely selfish. As far as I know, you have never given one instant of your time in the service of others. I have my faults, but I have tried at least to share my riches with those who have less than I. But you have always been too busily concerned with your own pleasures to bother your head about the happiness of others.'

Although slightly startled, the only answer Adele vouchsafed her grandfather in response to his unexpected tirade against her was a shrug of her slim shoulders. She was keenly annoyed with him. It was the first time in her life, as far as she could remember, that he had refused her

slightest whim, and she was perplexed as to how she could force him to her way of thinking. She sat with her lashes lowered over her defiant eyes, apparently studying the intricate design of the Oriental rug beneath her feet, but her mind was busy scheming how she could obtain her own desire.

Her grandfather did not look at her as he went on: 'You consider me nothing more than a money bag — a money bag.' He repeated the word bitterly. 'You demand, and demand, and demand. Has it never occurred to you that you might devote one atom of your time to my pleasure?'

For a moment silence hung like a pall over them. Hara, unnoticed, slipped into the study with the Colonel's morning mail, placed it carefully on the desk, the letters in one pile, the magazines in another; then noiselessly as he had come, he left, betraying not by the slightest flicker of an eyelid that he had sensed any trouble between his master and the willful granddaughter of the house.

As soon as he had gone, Colonel Gates began to pace the room. 'Perhaps this is my punishment.' He spoke in a low tone, as if he had completely forgotten Adele's presence. 'I'm a lonely old man. There are times when I think I cannot

stand living another day in this great house, listening, listening to the mocking echoes of feet that trod these floors so light-heartedly years ago.' Suddenly he halted before the portrait of a young, auburn-haired girl who looked down at him with a tantalizing smile in her lovely eyes.

Strangely enough, one could sense at once a strong resemblance between this joyous young creature of the canvas and the white-haired old gentleman with the slightly stooped shoulders. It may have been the broad high forehead, the contour of her cheek, or the well-defined chin; whatever it was, one knew instantly that this must be father and daughter.

Now as Colonel Gates stood before the portrait there was wrung from him a name that Adele had never before heard pass his lips. 'Cherilla!' It was like the cry of some one lost in the dark. To her consternation, Adele saw tears running unrestrained down her grandfather's cheeks. She leaped to her feet, bewildered, fumbling for words. When only a child she had been told never to ask questions about this portrait. Miss McLeod had whispered to her in an awed tone that the young lady had eloped, and that her grandfather was very angry about it. In Adele's young, untutored

eyes, this had clothed her Aunt Cherilla in a shroud of delightful mystery; secretly she had wondered a great deal about her, and hoped that some day she would walk unannounced into their midst, as the heroine usually did in story books.

'Are you — are you ill, Grandfather?' she managed to ask as the old gentleman sank down into his chair.

'Ill?' Colonel Gates laughed bitterly. 'I've been ill at heart for years, but I mustn't bore you with my troubles. Run along. I want to read my letters.' He was himself again, the well-poised man of the world; only the color had flowed out of his cheeks, leaving them ashen.

Adele crossed the room to the door and, standing with her face to it, fingered the knob slowly. Once she half-turned back into the room as if she wanted to say something, then she fled precipitately. She felt suffocated. She wanted to get out-of-doors into the fresh air. Instinctively she headed toward the stables. Adele had a passionate love for animals, and dogs and horses were the only things in life that she accepted without reservations. Even a mongrel cur could win his way to her heart by a friendly wag of his tail. But now, as she approached the stables, she saw Tom coming toward her. Breaking into a run, she darted into a path that cut

across the garden to the beach. She didn't want to talk to any one, not even Tom.

For the past three days the wind had blown from the south, bringing in its wake rain and sultriness, but to-day it seemed as if a truce had been declared, for there was a cloudless sky overhead, and the wind rippling across the garden fled seaward without an audible whisper. It barely swayed the strange aërial roots of the giant banyan that stood in the center of the garden, though its invisible touch was enough to set adrift the faded petals of the alamander flower.

Adele snatched at a gardenia as she passed. She didn't look at the flower, but crushed it in the palm of her hand to fragrant shreds and let the bruised and blackened petals fall unnoticed to the ground. Somehow, having hurt something seemed to act as a safety-valve to her pent-up emotions, and she moved a little more calmly through the sea of shell-pink begonias and lacy ferns that edged the path. Back of the begonias there were white poinsettias coming into bloom, magnolias with their satiny flowers cupped toward the sun, fig trees heavy with ripe fruit, and clumps of pampas grass with its long gray tassels.

The ocean, with its tireless rise and fall, only

increased Adele's restlessness, and she soon retraced her steps to the house, entering it by a side door. Unnoticed by any one, she gained the seclusion of her own room. She shut and locked the door, as if in this way she was shutting out all that was disturbing her peace of mind. Then she went swiftly to her violin case that stood open on her table. With unwonted tenderness, she picked up the instrument and clutched it fiercely to her breast. She wanted desperately to play, and yet she couldn't bring herself to draw her bow across the strings.

Oddly enough, as she stood there, her thoughts did not return to her grandfather, but to a letter from Jack McLean in response to her invitation to spend the coming week-end at her grandfather's house so that they could all attend the polo game at Moanalua together.

The reply had been very short:

'Why don't you take me seriously, Adele? I'm a working man. No vacations in sight for years. As ever, JACK.'

Adele's invitations did not usually meet with such curt refusals. Unaccustomed as she was to refusals of any sort, this one particularly rankled. With all his easy comradery, Jack had never been at her beck and call as her other friends had, and it piqued her vanity. The more Adele

thought of it, the more she felt that the day had treated her badly. After all, it was not her fault that the volcano had spent its fury on the McLean Ranch, nor could she be blamed for Aunt Cherilla's runaway marriage. Defiantly she pulled the bow across the strings of her violin. They emitted a raucous wail that hung in the air for a moment and then died down to a hoarse whisper. Almost viciously Adele tuned the strings into harmony, then, tucking the violin close under her chin, she swept with sudden determination into the midst of a Hungarian Rhapsody.

The violin was like a living thing that had suddenly awakened into an ecstasy of song. With a sure, firm bow, Adele executed one difficult movement after another. Gradually the anger died out of her eyes, and exultation took its place. Here at least was something of which she could always be mistress, something that she could make laugh, or sing, or sob — whichever was her inclination. Forgotten was the world beyond her closed door. She was alone in a world of her own making. Gradually the music lost some of its fierceness, and with little breathless notes, Adele drifted into the Largo, a part all haunting sadness and wisps of fugitive dreams. It was as if her bow had strayed across a web of

moonlight, so soft were the notes, and yet vibrating, throbbing, laughing, murmuring.

Suddenly Adele was conscious that it was her grandfather's face that she was seeing. She tried to banish the vision of it, but it persisted in reappearing. The piercing, hawk-like eyes seemed to bore holes through and through her. And, as if the violin were suddenly in league with him, it echoed the words he had cried out — it accused her, chided her, and mocked her until she could stand it no longer. She tossed the violin down on her bed. She knew that her eyes were misty with tears, but she would not acknowledge their presence by wiping them away. Instead she stumbled into her riding-suit — khaki knickers and a boyish silk shirt — and summoning Cheko, her personal maid, gave orders to have her horse saddled immediately.

A little later, without a word to any one, she galloped madly along the drive, and swung her horse into the beach road. As if sensing his mistress's mood, the horse, a spirited Kentucky thoroughbred imported from the mainland for Adele's own use, kept up his fast pace, his hoofs drumming a rapid tattoo on the coral roadbed. They followed the road that led past the lighthouse, a stark white tower situated near the base of Diamond Head, and then turned into a nar-

row trail that was bordered with wild guavas and lantana. Here and there they passed little squares of land, furrowed and cultivated for rice or taro, but for the most part this section of the country was dry and sandy and gave nourishment only to coconuts and scraggly armed algarobas.

The sun's rays beat down on horse and rider relentlessly. Adele, seeing that her horse's neck was flecked with lather, reined him to a walk, but she did not turn back.

On a little promontory, she brought her horse to a halt, and, swinging lightly to the ground, threw the reins over his head and slipped them over the branch of a stunted ironwood. Then she flung herself full length on the ground. It was an unusually clear day; the sky was clean-swept except where the great lazy clouds had piled through a gap in the mountains, and in the distance Adele could see the island of Molokai and Lanai with the higher mountains of West Maui in between. Beyond lay the blue Pacific, stretching for four thousand unbroken miles to the north and south before it touched another shore. At her feet lay a little horseshoe-shaped bay of crystal blue water rimmed with leaning palms. A native fisherman, his strong bare arms and legs glistening in the sun, stood poised on a slightly raised platform of lava rock that jutted

out into the water on one side of the bay, his eyes watching the water intently, his hands holding in readiness a throw-net of olono fiber. Not far from him a native girl in a red holoku, tucked high above her knees, waded in the reef shallows in search of opihis. They were the only living creatures in sight.

Her chin cupped in the palms of her hands, Adele lay watching them with a curious pang of loneliness which she did not understand. She saw the gleaming smile the girl flashed up at the fisherman and heard the rapturous exclamation she uttered when he dangled a string of mullet before her eyes; saw the two of them later frolic on the beach like puppies; heard their muffled shouts and laughter, and saw the father catch his daughter up in his strong arms, hold her close to his broad chest for an instant, then, swinging her upon his shoulder, carry her thus to the vine-covered shanty that stood in the shade of a lone breadfruit tree.

Adele thought of the brief good-night kiss she was accustomed to bestow upon her grandfather, the one and only show of affection between them. When she was a little thing, she remembered that he would often attempt to detain her, but she would wriggle out of his arms, complaining that his whiskers scratched her cheeks.

With a weary sigh she pulled herself to her feet, shook herself free from the bits of dead grass that clung to her knickers, and, untying her horse, stood for a moment with one arm about his sleek neck.

'You like me just as I am, don't you, old boy?' There was self-pity in her voice.

The horse whinnied softly, rubbing his nose affectionately against her sleeve. But to-day Adele's mind seemed to have a way of flying off at a tangent. Instead of the horse's answering whinny, she heard Jack's voice saying, 'You're a good scout, Adele, but ——' But! What was it he had been about to say? She had refused to let him finish his sentence, by whirling away to her own room and slamming the door with a defiant swirl of her flounces.

They had been to a dance, and Adele had been chiding Jack for dancing with a girl whose ancestors were not numbered among the first missionaries to the islands. Jack had laughed good-naturedly, and so Adele had left him. And when through the window of her own room she had heard the cheerful sputter of his Ford speeding along the driveway, she had leaned against the door and, with fingers so clenched that they left little telltale red spots in the palms of her hands, cried aloud, as if trying to convince herself of the

truth of her words, 'I hate him! I hate him!'

Now, as Adele swung herself easily into her saddle, she wondered again what it was that Jack had wanted to say to her. Accuse her, too, probably of selfishness! Well, let them say what they wished. She despised them all.

Catching up the reins in her hands, she dug her spurs into the horse's flanks. It was as if she sought to relieve her own taut nerves by loosing her temper on this creature that she loved; but her whim cost her dear. Startled, the beautiful creature stood still, his muscles aquiver, then he reared and leaped forward, and if Adele had not been born and bred to the saddle, she would have been unseated. A branch of lantana, whipping across her arm, tore through her sleeve and left in its wake an ugly red scratch. A cry of pain rose to her lips, but she fought it back, pressing her lips tightly together.

The whole world seemed plotting against her. Angrily Adele spurred her horse again, adding insult to injury. With a snort of rage he plunged wildly forward and it was with difficulty that Adele quieted him.

'Sorry, old boy!' she whispered impulsively, leaning forward a little, and clutching a bit of the horse's glossy mane in one firm sun-browned hand. 'I guess I deserved what I got!'

As if he had understood her, the horse gradually dropped into his usual swinging stride. The drumming of his hoofs on the hard ground was like music in her ears. She could feel the warmth of his splendid body between her knees. She could hear his steady, deep breathing, and feel the muscles of his forelegs rise and fall. A growing ecstasy crept over the girl's face and the tension about her mouth slackened.

What had come over her? Was it the thought of the fisherman back there romping with his little daughter that had suddenly made her vaguely conscious of her own shortcomings?

Her grandfather's words kept coming back to her mind: 'too busily concerned with your own pleasures to bother your head about the happiness of others.' No, she couldn't retort that no one had ever bothered about her. She had but to speak, and her desire would be fulfilled.

For the first time in her life, Adele found herself thinking of her grandfather as something human with wishes and desires and longings of his own, not just as a very old man past all caring. What had he meant by the one terrible mistake he had made? Oh, well! Perhaps she hadn't been very grateful to him ——

Nothing was said at the dinner table that night about the proposed trip to the Billings's. Once

Adele tried to tell her grandfather that she was willing to go if he desired, but the words, somehow, refused to be spoken.

Tom was in a disagreeable mood, which didn't help matters any. The houseboy, a young Filipino, had misunderstood an order he had given, and, in trying to dry out one of Tom's new golf shoes, had put it in the oven of the stove. The result was disastrous for the shoe and for the houseboy. Tom continued to relieve his feelings throughout the dinner hour by complaining that the soup was too hot, that the steak was underdone, and the potatoes were not done enough. This was, after all, more or less Tom's usual dinner conversation, although Ah Sim, who had been in the family for years, was notably a good cook. But somehow to-night his conduct irritated Adele beyond measure. She glared at Tom, and when her grandfather's attention was averted, she whispered, 'Oh, for Heaven's sake, shut up!'

'What's eating you?' Tom asked vulgarly. It was almost as unusual for Adele openly to criticize her brother as it was for the Colonel to refuse Adele's requests.

Fortunately Colonel Gates did not hear Tom's impertinent question. Adele's eyes flashed fire, but she made no further remark. And so

they went from soup to dessert, in utter silence, save for the low voice of the table boy urging them at times to partake more bountifully of Ah Sim's delectable dishes. 'Yes-s-s? Plise! Tanks!'

'I don't want any more, Mura. Take it away,' Adele said petulantly, as he offered her a second serving of a fluffy almond pudding.

With a muttered word of excuse, Tom left the table directly after he had finished his dessert. Adele meant to follow him, but something held her rooted, slouched in her chair, drawing patterns on the damask tablecloth with her finger nail. The great waxen gardenias before her nearly suffocated her with their fragrance. She pushed them as far as she could from her, spilling the water from the bowl as she did so. She hated them. They made her think of funerals — darkened rooms filled with people talking in low voices.

Her grandfather took no notice of her. Very deliberately he spread a toasted cracker with cheese. Adele watched him with a curious expression on her face. With a shock she realized that he had aged greatly during the past year, and yet there was something very distinguished about his haggard face. She had never noticed before what wonderful eyes he had — deep-set

and of a peculiarly deep blue — nor appreciated how well-moulded his features were.

As they rose from the table, the Colonel remarked casually, 'The wind has changed. It's blowing from the northwest, and it looks as if the kona storm has passed by.'

Adele preceded her grandfather into the luxurious living-room. She stood before a large uncurtained window that looked out to sea. She saw the moon climbing through the trees and fantastic shadows playing on the lawn like goblins twisting and turning in a strange dance. Along the shore, the flickering torches of native fishermen moved like restless fireflies. What was the matter with her? Why couldn't she speak the words that had been choking her all through dinner?

A mynah bird, as it whirred out of the banyan tree on some errand of mischief, gave a harsh cry that sounded like mocking laughter.

Adele turned swiftly to her grandfather. 'I'll go to the Billings's,' she said in a husky voice, and, having finally uttered the words, she fled from the room.

Colonel Gates stood staring toward the door through which she had disappeared. Gradually a smile crept over his face. He started after Adele. 'There, there,' he murmured indulgently.

'I forgot to tell her about the new police dog I bought for her!' Then he stopped abruptly, muttering, 'No, no, I mustn't do it. That's been my fault, rewarding her for everything she does.'

CHAPTER XI

THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER

It was Tarn McGraw, a sandy-haired, blue-eyed Scotchman, who first spied Jerry as he walked into Nanakuli late one afternoon — saw him and liked him instantly.

'Where you heading?' Tarn asked in a pleasant, lazy voice, born of years of living in this tropical paradise. He had just come out of the general store where he had purchased some tobacco and was standing on the steps rolling a cigarette when his mild blue eyes encountered Jerry's.

'Well, I hope that I have arrived at my destination,' Jerry replied with a little laugh, trying at the same time to rid his clothes of the dust that had gathered on them during his long hike from Laniakea.

Tarn's face brightened. White men were scarce in these parts, especially men who had recent news of the outside world. 'Looking for a job, eh?'

Jerry turned his pockets inside out. 'Look's as if I'd have to chop wood for my dinner.'

'Not yet awhile. Come on home with me and

eat some of the chow that old Chang is cooking. No nightingales' tongues served in my shack, but real food guaranteed to develop brain and muscle.'

'You don't need to urge me. I've been living on a few wild bananas and the view since breakfast.'

'Humph!' grunted Tarn. 'Come along.' And without further words, he led the way to a small whitewashed shanty with a corrugated tin roof on it, that stood a stone's throw from the main highway behind a drooping pepper tree.

'I can pay for my board,' Jerry explained, afraid that perhaps this young Scotchman had taken his remarks too seriously.

'Oh, cut it,' growled Tarn good-naturedly. 'Can't I have company if I wish?' Then, catching a glimpse through a half opened door of his manservant, a wizened old Chinaman who at the moment was hacking off the husk of a coconut with an axe, he shouted, 'Hey, Chang, wikiwiki! Bring on the food!'

Chang looked up from his work with the droll expression of a monkey, surveyed the two young men with deliberation, then, kicking the coconut out of his way, shuffled off to the screened cooler.

'Say, look here,' protested Jerry, 'isn't this a bit early for your dinner? I'm in no hurry.'

'When you eat your breakfast at four-thirty, I'll tell you you're ready to eat again at five. You'll learn if you remain on this plantation that our day begins and ends with the rising and setting of the sun.'

In Jerry's honor, for there were seldom visitors at Tarn's shack, Chang unearthed from somewhere a red-fringed tablecloth. Being nearsighted, however, he put it on so that one side of it touched the floor and the other scarcely rimmed the table. But the food that he brought forth from his dingy kitchen was excellent.

It was growing dark when Tarn and Jerry went to sit on the lanai that fronted the shack. It was the time of day that Jerry liked the best of all. Great purple shadows were creeping over the land, and the clouds were tinged with rose and saffron. Tarn pointed out to him the Kohala Range, the oldest mountain range in the islands, and the towering peak of Mauna Kea mantled with snow. Between the mountains and the sea lay the cane fields — fields newly planted, fields where the cane had ripened and was in flower, and fields that had recently been laid bare by the cutters' scythes. Gradually the shadows deepened and widened, and darkness shut in on them.

From some chance remark of Tarn's, Jerry learned that he had served in the World War and

had been billeted with a regiment somewhere in France for long months. From tales of cannon fire, gas bombs, and surprise attacks, they finally drifted back to what life on a plantation meant.

'When old Andrade, the superintendent, lets fire a string of cusses, it's pretty nearly as dangerous as a rain of bullets in the front-line trenches. You find yourself dodging each one of 'em as if it was going to hit you straight in the eye. Boy, he's a cyclone, when he gets going. By the way, what kind of a job do you want?'

'Anything from coal-heaver up,' Jerry answered promptly, 'as long as there's chance of advancement.'

Tarn gave a short laugh. 'You'll probably be sent out into the fields in charge of a batch of women.'

'Do the women work in the fields?'

'Only the Japanese women. If you can keep track of a carload of those hens, you're considered fit for the home office. Most of 'em take their babies along with them, line 'em up along the edge of the field, and then do a kind of cross-eyed dance, keeping one eye on the yelling infants and the other on their work.'

After a while the two talked themselves out. Tarn sat silently puffing away on a cigarette, while Jerry let his mind wander back over the

events and scenes of the past few days. Accustomed to the gentle rolling country of New England, it had filled him with a sense of awe to behold the forces of Nature in all their fierceness and splendor. He had crossed a motionless river of cooled lava that once had poured its fiery torrent from the mountain into the sea. He had wandered through an ancient city of refuge, and touched with his own hand an altar stone where human sacrifices had been offered to appease the wrath of the fire goddess Pele; and at the foot of an extinct crater, he had discovered bits of stone encrusted with jewels — olivines, Tarn had told him they were called. With his knife, he had managed to dig out an unusually large one. He had it in his pocket now, tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, for he hoped to have it cut and set in a pin for Cynthia's Christmas present.

'When the mosquitoes arrive, it's time for us to turn in,' Tarn announced, rising suddenly. 'They're as big as mynah birds to-night.'

With genuine cordiality, Tarn had insisted that Jerry was to remain with him for the night, and in the event of his obtaining a position on the plantation, he was to become a regular boarder.

Jerry slept with the soundness that usually comes after days spent out in the open, and he

could scarcely believe it when he wakened to find that Tarn had already been up for half an hour and was dressed and ready for breakfast.

'You never turned a hair when that Big Ben of mine went off with its usual clatter,' Tarn laughed down at him. 'Now, boy, you've got to show some speed. I'm due at the office in twenty-five minutes.'

Jerry could hear Chang moving about in the tiny kitchen and he could smell that delicious pungent odor of bacon frying. He lost no time in getting on his clothes and joining Tarn at the table.

'Coffee's strong enough to curl your hair,' Tarn grumbled good-naturedly. 'But you'll need it if you're going to face Andrade this morning.'

'Sounds as if I was about to start off to war,' Jerry laughed, helping himself to one of Chang's muffins.

'Just show the old boy that you're not made of putty yourself,' Tarn advised. 'He'll roar, but he won't be so likely to trample you underfoot.'

Jerry's own first glance at the mill superintendent, Antonio Andrade, the ablest and yet the most hated man on the plantation, did not at all reassure him. But luck was with Jerry this morning. Andrade had just received a report

that the last shipment of sugar from the Nanakuli plantation had arrived in San Francisco in time to command the new high prices. The world was very rosy to him, and he was in a rare good humor. He discussed with Jerry the possibility of an opening for him in his chosen field of work without any show of belligerence, and seemed impressed with the fact that, although a newcomer to the islands, Jerry was so well informed about them.

Andrade was a full-blooded Portuguese of massive build, but oddly enough he wore his clothes so that they had the appearance of being too large for him. He was heavy-jowled, with oily black hair and close-set, suspicious eyes. And there were heavy lines that traced themselves from his nose to the corners of his mouth.

'The job's yours,' Andrade now said to Jerry. Then, removing his long black cigar and clearing his throat noisily, he continued: 'But if you take it, you've got to mind your *p*s and *q*s. Now get McGraw to show you around, so that you can see what a beehive this place is. We don't tolerate drones here.' And this time he described a smoking arc with his cigar as if to include the entire plantation.

'Thank you, sir, I'll take it.' And there was a note of eagerness in Jerry's voice.

Jerry found Tarn in the main office, and speedily imparted to him the good news that he had a job in the department where the soil tests were being made. He hadn't hoped for such luck, for this was the kind of work for which he had specialized during his two years in college. It would be part of his duty to figure out what elements and how much of each had been taken from the soil with the harvesting of each crop. In this way the proper amount of fertilizer would be applied to the fields before they were replanted.

'By the way,' Jerry went on, 'I was told to get you to take me through the mill.'

'Humph!' grunted Tarn. 'Wants you impressed with the fact that he's a good slave-driver, eh? Well, come along. We'll begin at the beginning.'

They watched a long line of flatcars loaded with cane being shunted into the unloading vat from which the cane was caught up on an automatic conveyor and passed between a pair of giant corrugated rollers. They saw the syrup, black as pitch, that was thus extracted flow through a long trough to the great boilers and from there to the settling tanks and the evaporators, while the refuse was taken back and fed into the furnaces. And then Tarn took him to

see the crystalizers and the centrifugals, where the sugar was sent for drying.

In one room Japanese women, their heads tied up in white cloths, were sewing up the bags that held the raw sugar, with such speed that Jerry could scarcely see their fingers move. The instant they were done, the bags were whisked away from them to the shipping-room on trucks propelled by Japanese men.

Jerry was thrilled with it all, and asked Tarn one question after another.

'The mill's only half there is to see,' Tarn said, as they made their way back to the office. 'Some day I'll take you through all the settlements and show you the reservoirs and irrigation ditches, and the new mountain tunnel. And when you get homesick and want to go coasting, I'll let you slide down one of the water flumes on top of a bundle of cane. Man! that's sport for you!'

And so Jerry's life on the great plantation began, and his letters to Cynthia were filled with enthusiasm about his new work. In return Cynthia's letters came to him brimming with the amusing things that happened daily in her little schoolroom.

'It's a case of learning to understand fifty-seven varieties of the English language,' she

wrote in one. 'There isn't a white child in my class, and yet we all salute the American flag and sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," while George Washington and Abraham Lincoln look down upon us from above the blackboards!

'George Washington, by the way, is far more popular with the children than Abraham Lincoln. They call him "Big Boss Number One Man," which is great praise. I think this favoritism is owing to the fact that his birthday means a holiday and is celebrated with a parade rather than because of anything he did for his country.'

Cynthia's last letter told of her unexpected meeting in the village store with Jack McLean, who had come down to Laniakea from his ranch for supplies.

'I had no idea he lived so near. Halehoomaha, as they call the ranch, is only thirty miles north of us, and Jack motors down here twice a month, as this is the nearest seaport. He's invited Miss Corbett and me to spend next week-end with him and his father. How I wish you were near enough to join us too, Jerry, though I suppose you wouldn't be lured by the fact that there's to be a dance on Saturday night for Jack's cousin, a Dr. Ted McLean, who is spending his vacation there. He's an interne at the Queen's Hospital, it seems.

'Miss Corbett, who has known the McLeans for years, says that their ranch is a charming place, with a library full of books, and a tennis court, so there really would be heaps for you to do, too.

'I have designs on Dr. Ted,' she concluded. 'I'm going to try and interest him in Molina. Poor child, he's been desperately ill this last week, and is so thin that it seems as if the least breath of air would blow him away. The doctor here has done all that he can for him, but what he really needs is a good long rest in a hospital where he can get proper food and care.

'I wish you could have seen his face the morning I appeared in his doorway, my arms full of packages. It would have repaid you for all you've done for him. His eyes nearly popped out of his head. Besides the clothes that he needed, I got him a box of plaster, for he's unusually clever at modeling. In school one day he made from memory a copy of the statue of Kamehameha that was really quite wonderful. So far as I know, not one of his race has ever been noted as a sculptor. When I suggested to Molina that, if he was very patient and worked very hard, he might some day be famous, he grinned all over.

'By the way, I had my first caller the other day, an old friend of Miss Corbett who lives in

Hilo. During our conversation, she told about the "scandalous doings of some of the younger generation." I don't know yet whether it was as a sort of warning to behave myself, or whether it was a compliment to my dignity.

'It all happened a year or so ago, but she hasn't recovered her equilibrium yet. As chairman of some Hospitality Committee, she was entertaining the wives of the visiting Senators at the Volcano House. Suddenly, right in the midst of their bridge game, they heard a terrible clattering noise, and the next minute, a girl on horseback rode into the room! Disgraceful! When it was learned that the girl did it simply as the result of a dare, even more criticisms were heaped on her head, though to her face they had smiled, for — have you guessed it? — the girl was Adele Gates. What power there is in a name when it's written in earth gold!

'And now, brother mine, I must hie me to bed, for the hour is late.

'CYNTHIA'

CHAPTER XII

GREATER DANGER THAN FIRE

It was five o'clock, and the first primrose flush of dawn was sweeping the horizon. The world was fast awakening. A rooster, perched upon the whitewashed fence behind the plantation store, flapped his wings and crowed raucously. As if he had been awaiting this signal, the sun peered suddenly over the edge of a cloud-bank, winked slyly at the rooster, and sailed up into the sky.

Then came the hurried sound of doors opening and shutting, and the harsh clatter of rough-shod feet upon wooden steps.

'Every one on the plantation has been ordered down to the warehouse this morning!' Tarn remarked to Jerry, as they saddled and bridled their horses. They were both dressed in khaki riding-clothes, with bandanna kerchiefs knotted loosely at their throats. 'It'll be quite a sight. We'll ride down now before it's time for us to go on duty, so that you'll have a chance to watch 'em at work.'

'Looks as if the Pied Piper had passed along this way,' Jerry replied, glancing toward the main highway.

It was swarming with laborers — Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, Portuguese, and Japanese. They trudged along in a grim little procession, their thick-soled shoes stirring up tiny spirals of red dust behind them. There was no talk, no laughter.

There were a few women among the men — all Japanese, grotesque-looking creatures in their scant calico dresses to their knees, dirty white canvas leggings, and narrow-brimmed straw hats, from the backs of which fluttered squares of white cotton toweling, to protect their necks from the hot sun.

'Is that the Virginian?' Jerry questioned, indicating a freighter that had come in during the night and anchored inside of the breakwater.

'Sure is,' Tarn replied. 'We've got to get her loaded so that she can get out of here before dark to-night. The boss won't pay a nickel for storage charges.'

'How much of a cargo does she take?' Jerry asked.

'About seven thousand tons.'

'Sounds enough to feed the world.'

'Why, man,' Tarn exclaimed, 'that's only a small part of what this old world uses up every year. All of the plantations in these islands shipped six hundred thousand tons of sugar out of

here during the last twelve months. And we aren't the only ones who raise sugar. There's Cuba and the Philippines. They're our biggest rivals.'

When Tarn and Jerry arrived at the waterfront, they found it a scene of tremendous activity.

'The gangs that are working inside will soon be shifted to the barges,' Tarn informed Jerry. 'Gets pretty rough out there. The men can't stand it very long at a stretch.'

They had stopped to watch a barge that had been towed to the Virginian by a tugboat and was being speedily unloaded; the bags of sugar hoisted to her decks by boom and tackle.

Within the warehouse, the men, for the most part bared to the waist and with towels twisted about their foreheads to keep the perspiration from their eyes, moved in a monotonous train back and forth across the great room, picking up the bags, carrying them upon their sturdy backs, and tossing them one after another into the slide that conveyed them to the barges. At one side stood the women, helping to adjust the bags so that they would balance properly.

'They're all paid according to the number of pounds they carry,' Tarn said, jerking his finger in the direction of one man who was staggering

across the room with four hundred-pound bags stacked on his back.

Jerry felt a little sorry for them all; the sun, blazing down on the tin roof above them, filled the room with such an intense heat that the hurrying multitudes reeled about him like the blurred figures in a merry-go-round.

'Say, look here, Jayne.' Jerry heard his name being called, and, looking around, saw Wells, the shipping boss, signaling to him.

'Boss wants me,' Jerry explained to Tarn, and hastily made his way to where Wells was standing.

'Jayne, you don't go on duty for some time yet. I want you to ride up to section 19 and find out the meaning of all that smoke. I don't like the looks of it.' He jerked his thumb toward a section of the cane lands that lay along the foothills. 'I think it's on Nielson's land. There's not a man at the mill. Andrade's gone to Kona to buy some horses. If there's trouble, let me know at once.'

Until then Jerry had not noticed the ominous-looking cloud of smoke hanging in the air far to the left of the mill. There was no wind, so that it rose straight upward from its source, whatever it was, and then lay horizontally, as if suspended on invisible wires.

'I'll report back to you, sir, as soon as possible,' Jerry said quickly, keenly elated that he had been delegated to do this errand. One of the first things that he had learned on coming to the plantation was that, in case of fire, every man was expected to stand by ready to help, and that the man who refused was considered a traitor.

Mounting his horse, Jerry guided him into a dirt trail that cut sharply up an embankment and took its way directly through one of the cane fields, which was like a sea of silver. Here the cane had ripened, and from the head of each stalk rose a slender pampas-like tassel. It was ready and waiting for the cutter's scythe, for the juice is at its best just after the cane has blossomed.

The trail was so narrow that the leaves and blossoms brushed against Jerry's hands and face, and hid everything from his view. On reaching a stretch of level land, he spurred his horse to a gallop, anxious to get out into the open to see if the fire was gaining headway.

Coming to a little promontory behind the mill, from which he could see for miles, Jerry reined in his horse. To his intense relief he saw that the smoke-cloud had greatly diminished, and as he could now distinguish men at work on Nielson's land, he felt sure that it had started from some bonfire that they had set. To satisfy himself,

however, that there was no likelihood of the fire's spreading, he decided to ride up the boundary-line to the ridge back of section 19.

And so it was that Jerry's habit of thoroughness saved the Nanakuli Plantation from what might have been the most disastrous fire in its history. Scarcely had he reached the clearing where Nielson's men were employed, when a fitful gust of wind, as if openly challenging him, picked up a handful of blazing twigs from the smouldering bonfire, and, driving them before it, set them down again some hundred yards inside the Nanakuli line. As if some magician had commanded their appearance, five scurries of smoke shot up into the air. Jerry's heart sank within him, for he knew that the dry cane leaves would burn like paper.

'We've got our job now,' he said aloud to his horse.

As if he, too, had scented danger, the horse pricked up his ears, and, uttering a low, questioning whinny, lengthened his stride.

Once within hailing distance of Nielson's men, Jerry shouted for help, pointing at the same time to the fire that was already eating its way through the cane fields. None of them had noticed the curious prank the wind had played with their bonfire. But now without delay they grabbed

knives, hoes, any implement that was within reach, and plunged into the fields, hacking and slashing in a frenzy to right and left in a mad endeavor to open up a wide path around each of the blazing spots.

But the wind had not finished with them yet. Delighted with the havoc it had already wrought, and as if seeking further opportunity for mischief, it blew itself up into a miniature whirlwind, and, making a spiral across the fields, chased the fire along with it.

For a moment every one stood spellbound with dismay and horror. Like a writhing snake, the trail of red moved toward the distant settlement buildings, and the rows of little whitewashed shanties that housed the families of the plantation workers.

'My God!' some one exclaimed under his breath, and the tone of his voice aroused Jerry to instant action. He must get to a telephone and notify the shipping boss. If the plantation was to be saved, every available man must be sent to the fields.

With a hurried word of explanation to the *luna* in charge of the men, whose efforts so far to check the fire had been in vain, Jerry ran to his horse, and, leaping to his back, wheeled him into the rough trail that led down to the mill. On

second thought, however, he swerved him into the hard cinder bed that followed the railroad, deciding to chance crossing the gulch that lay between him and the mill by the trestle used solely by the plantation trains. This would save him from fifteen to twenty minutes, and every minute was precious now.

Accustomed to picking his way over treacherous lava flows, Jerry's horse made no objection when he found himself out on the narrow double planking that spanned the gorge between the railway tracks. With lowered head, he jogged easily along, his hoofs clattering noisily on the wooden boards.

Then suddenly in one blinding flash Jerry realized that they were both in danger. A long line of empty flatcars was being backed toward them from the opposite end of the bridge. There had been no warning whistle from the locomotive. Swiftly, as if to brace himself for a blow, Jerry caught his horse's thick mane in both hands. There was no possible chance of escape. The locomotive, with the engineer and fireman, was still out of sight. There was nothing that he could do to signal them his plight, or to direct their attention to the fire that was threatening the whole plantation.

'Cynthia!' The name formed itself on Jerry's

HE REARED, AND AS NEATLY AS A SOLDIER DOING THE 'RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE!' WHEELED COMPLETELY AROUND

lips, but he uttered no sound. At least he hoped that she would know that death had come to him while he was trying to do his duty.

But Jerry had not counted on the intelligence of his horse, trained from the time that he was a gawky, high-spirited colt to hazardous trails. Instinctively the beautiful creature was as aware of their peril as Jerry himself. With nostrils dilating and legs quivering, he faced the approaching train. Then at the moment that it thundered out across the gorge, shaking the whole trestle as it came, he reared, and as neatly as a soldier doing the 'right-about-face!' wheeled completely around. The thud and ring of his iron-shod hoofs as he plunged forward to safety aroused Jerry to the realization that life for him was not yet ended and that even yet he might give the alarm that would prevent further damage to the plantation.

'Good old boy! Good old boy!' he exclaimed as he swung his horse away from the tracks into the cane field. Then, running his hand over the horse's warm, moist neck, he added, 'I didn't think you could make it.'

Scarcely had he uttered the words when the rear end of the train came bearing down upon them, and swaying and creaking and groaning swept away from them again around a curve.

Jerry waited until he sighted the engineer at the throttle of the locomotive, then, rising in his stirrups, he waved both hands.

One fleeting glimpse of Jerry's face was enough to warn the engineer that something was gravely wrong. He threw on the brakes and, bringing his engine to a stop, he hung far out of the cab and yelled, 'What's the trouble?'

'Fire! Fire!' Jerry shouted back. 'Coming across section 19 into one of the settlements! Got to get help! Take your train back to the mill and wait for the men. Everybody is down at the warehouse. I'll get word to them!'

They were down behind a hill, and the engineer couldn't see any signs of the fire from where he was, but he didn't stop to question Jerry's authority to issue orders to him. He, too, remembered the unwritten law of the plantation that every employee must do everything within his power to prevent disaster to his company by fire.

'Better get aboard yourself,' advised the engineer.

Hastily Jerry dismounted, and, tossing the bridle over the pommel of his Mexican saddle, slapped his horse gently with the palm of his hand. 'Home, old boy!' he commanded, and then swung himself aboard the cab. 'Let 'er go!' he said eagerly, his eyes on the hilltop watching

for the dense screen of smoke that he knew lay just beyond.

'You bet yer!' came the engineer's brisk reply, and never before had Engine Number 1234 made such a record trip down to the mill. The throttle opened wide, it swayed, and rocked, and jolted from side to side so violently that to keep his balance Jerry was forced to brace himself firmly against the door of the cab.

What a sense of relief surged over Jerry as the great mill buildings came into view! They gave him a feeling of security. Built of steel and iron, nothing could harm them. To-day not an engine was turning. Usually the scene of tremendous activity, everything seemed, however, strangely deserted. Without waiting for the engine to come to a full stop, Jerry swung off the steps, ran straight to the big central building which housed the offices, and disappeared within the long corridor.

How still and silent it was! He missed hearing the hum and roar of the machines. They spelled success and progress to him. The door into the main office was ajar. Half-expecting to find the watchman within, Jerry crossed the threshold. Then he suddenly stopped short.

For the life of him, Jerry never could explain afterwards why the unexpected presence of

Andrade in the office had filled him with a sickening suspicion that he was there for no good purpose, and that the plantation was threatened by greater danger than fire. Was it because of the one startled movement that Andrade had made when he realized that he was not alone in the mill? It was the first time that Jerry had caught a look of anything but egotism and smug complacency on the face of the big Portuguese. At the first creak of the boards beneath his feet, Andrade had swiftly whipped together the covers of the ledger over which he had been poring. And there was something in his manner that had warned Jerry that he had not wished to be seen.

It was only a matter of seconds that the two pairs of eyes gazed searchingly into each other — the narrow knife-like ones with the little bloated dark circles below them, and the gray ones, clear as steel. Then Jerry spoke. 'Section 19's all on fire. We've got to move fast to save the rest of the plantation. I'm telephoning the Boss at the warehouse for help.' And he omitted the usual 'sir' in speaking to his superior.

Andrade pulled himself to his feet, full of his usual swaggering importance and bluster. Deliberately he went to the office window from which he could obtain a view of section 19, and there was something insulting in the way he did

it, as if he doubted the truth of Jerry's statement, or at least considered it an exaggeration. But Jerry heard an oath escape from his coarse lips, and knew that he, too, was alarmed at the progress the fire was making. They could both see the flames whirling, twisting, and writhing toward them.

'I'll notify Wells myself. You get out the knives, and have 'em ready to hand out — one to every man there is!' And Andrade's great hulking form stepped between Jerry and the telephone, completely blocking his way to it.

This was no time for quarreling. Jerry did as he was ordered, leaving Andrade to deliver the message. He had never before put it into words, but he knew now that he hated this man, and had hated him from the moment of their meeting.

'Hello! Hello! Wells? Andrade on the wire. Just came in from Kona and discovered a bad fire over in section 19. Send up every man you've got. What? Who?' A sneering laugh came from Andrade. 'No, I haven't seen him. Huh? Well, what did you expect?' And the receiver went into place with a harsh, metallic click.

Something had made Jerry pause outside the office door. As distinctly as if he had heard both sides of the telephone conversation, he knew that his name had been spoken by Wells, and that, by

his evasive answer, Andrade had sought to destroy the shipping boss's faith in him, and make him believe that he, Jerry Jayne, had failed in his duty. Why had Andrade lied to Wells? Because he was *afraid* of something. Well, then it could wait. There was other work to be done first.

It was in the early hours of the following morning that Jerry returned to Tarn's shack, tired out after hours of battling the stubborn fire. His face and hands were covered with soot, and his clothes were caked with mud. He tumbled into bed, clothes and all. Out in the fields he had fought off by sheer force of will power an overwhelming desire to go to sleep, but now that it no longer mattered, his eyes refused to close. Over and over again, he reviewed the events of the day, and always his thought would leave him standing on the threshold of the office, with Andrade, startled out of his customary composure, before him.

Jerry was still staring up at the ceiling when Tarn came in. Day was just breaking. The stars had grown pale, and ribbons of lilac and rose streamed across the sky. The great mountains, the cane lands, and the sea were veiled in soft colors. It was hard to remember that all that night long men had cursed and fought and battled against a bitter foe.

'We've got it under control now,' Tarn announced, leaning up against the door jamb. He, too, was dog tired. 'A new shift's gone out. How about a cup of coffee? Old Chang is out there working like a demon. I'll play cook.'

Jerry pulled himself to his feet, stretched himself, and then accompanied Tarn to the kitchen.

'Looks as if you had blacked up for a minstrel show,' Jerry laughed. 'Expect I'm a sight, too.'

'Some fire!' Tarn ejaculated, as he measured out the coffee, filled the coffee-pot with water and set it on the wood stove to boil. 'Lucky thing old Andrade got back when he did, or we'd been "sunk without a trace."' He didn't look at Jerry as he spoke, and Jerry missed his usual warmth of friendliness. Without being told, he knew that Andrade's conversation over the telephone with Wells had been passed on as a fact.

Without offering him any assistance, Jerry watched Tarn cut off three or four thick slices of bread, and pull down from a shelf a can of strawberry jam. He wanted to tell Tarn everything that had happened, but he couldn't accuse Andrade of wrongdoing on such slim evidence as he had. He had really only divined that something was wrong. Andrade had always been considered a valuable and trusted man, and he himself was a newcomer to the plantation. He

couldn't expect any one, save Tarn, to accept his word over that of the superintendent.'

'I'll make the coffee good and strong,' Tarn said, as the pot began to sing. 'No rest for us to-day. The Virginian's only half loaded. And I hear a bunch of the directors are coming over to view the damages.'

'Nielson's men set their bonfire too close to our boundary. They're directly responsible for our losses,' Jerry broke in. 'I got there just in time to see a nasty little gust of wind pick up some sparks and drop them down in one of our fields. I'll give Nielson's men credit for doing their best to put the fire out, but they didn't have a chance.'

Tarn looked up in surprise. 'Then what did you do?' he asked eagerly.

'Beat it down to the mill so that I could get word to Wells.'

'Rotten luck Andrade sounded the alarm ahead of you.'

Jerry hesitated, then said quietly, 'Yes.'

Tarn glanced quickly at Jerry. 'Come on, boy, you haven't told all your story yet. I knew you wouldn't fail the company. Andrade told Wells that you didn't go up to section 19 to investigate. What's he trying to cover up?' Tarn had never borne Andrade any love either.

Jerry drew a long breath.

'Spit it!' Tarn urged.

'I haven't any evidence to speak of, but — well, I think Andrade's crooked.'

Tarn had grabbed the coffee-pot from the stove and was about to fill their cups when Jerry told him this astonishing piece of news. He stopped dead in his tracks. 'What makes you think so?' he demanded, the coffee-pot poised in one hand.

And so Jerry, urged on by Tarn, related everything that had happened at the mill on the previous day.

'The swine!' Tarn muttered. 'And now let me tell you something. Some one's been tampering with the payroll. I've only recently heard rumors of it, and I'll bet my best hat that it's old Andrade.'

'But remember, Tarn,' Jerry interrupted, 'we'll keep this to ourselves until we can actually prove that he's guilty.'

'I'm on,' Tarn agreed. 'We'll lie low for a few days, so the old boy won't suspect we're after him, then we'll try to get the dope on him. Here, put this coffee down,' he added, filling Jerry's cup to the brim. 'We've got work ahead of us.'

CHAPTER XIII

JERRY SEES RED

By noon the Virginian's hold had received the last load of raw sugar from the Nanakuli warehouse; and only a handful of men were left at the water-front to watch her lift anchor and head out to sea, with San Francisco as her destination. And at one o'clock the mill had resumed its usual appearance of general activity.

Talk of the fire had been on every one's tongue all morning, but now the fire had taken its place with other events of the past — and become a memory.

Tarn and Jerry, with no outward sign of fatigue, were both at their desks. Andrade had not been in his office and was not expected, having been requested by the manager to accompany the visiting directors over the burned area, and to take them up to the tract of virgin land that was being put into cultivation.

'The minute the whistle blows to-morrow afternoon we're going to knock off work and beat it for Napoopoo,' Tarn said to Jerry, crossing over to his desk. 'I'm going to give you a squint at the shaft that's dedicated to that old duck who

discovered these islands — you know the Englishman, Captain Cook, who let the natives believe he was a god and got himself killed for his foolishness. I've always had it in for him myself for naming these islands the Sandwich Islands after some old English lord. There are some people still who think it was because the natives were cannibals and made sandwiches out of each other.'

Jerry laughed. 'That's right. We were warned ourselves before we left Clayton to beware of the cannibals.'

'Fanning's loaned us his Ford. It's a bit battered up and sounds like the artillery going to war when it climbs a hill, but it's guaranteed to get us there. On our way back, if it isn't too late, I want to take you into some of the old burial caves back in the hills.'

'It's lucky I've got a coarse hide,' Jerry replied, with a grin, 'otherwise there wouldn't have been enough left of me to accompany you.'

'You mean Andrade's been after you?'

'He's been hounding me for one thing or another all morning. Everything that I did was wrong, and every time I was wrong he had a new name for me. Luckily for me, he finally ran out of words.'

'What's the idea?'

'I think he's trying to make me afraid of him.'

'Humph!' Tarn grunted contemptuously. 'Here he comes now with the directors. He'll give 'em a whirlwind tour through the mill that'll make 'em dizzy. That's so they won't have time to ask questions. One time, when he had a too inquisitive director up here, he put him on a horse that's named Halemaumau after the volcano — you can guess why — and gave him the worst ride he ever had. The director was ready to quit after he'd seen half the plantation. That's what Andrade wanted.'

There was the sound of men's voices and of many feet echoing through the corridor. In another minute the visitors were being ushered into the office. There was a short, thick-set man with an alert, brisk manner about him, some one who was addressed as Dr. Billings, two young boys, and ——

'What's the matter, Jerry?' Tarn asked in a low voice. 'You look as if you'd seen a ghost.'

Jerry didn't hear him. He had half-risen from his desk and was standing facing the party with a curious disconcerted expression in his eyes. Andrade was showing the directors little vials filled with samples of cane juice in all stages of purification. But Tarn saw that there was one, a boy with dark, sullen eyes, who was not paying any

attention to him, but was returning Jerry's stare with a look of animosity. Tarn had never seen him before, and he wondered who he was.

Andrade gave no sign as he whisked his visitors off to some other part of the mill that he, too, had noticed that Jerry and the boy with him for some reason bore one another no love. And he was determined to learn what that reason was.

On their way up into the valley to inspect the new tunnel, Andrade managed to ride beside the boy. He cleverly avoided the subject uppermost in his mind at first, making himself as agreeable a companion as he could, pointing out all the historical points of interest. In ancient days one of the famous *kahunas*, or medicine men, had lived in this valley with the Poison God in his keeping, and it was into this valley that a rebel chief had retreated, only to be stoned to death by the victorious army who took up their position on the rim of the hills above him. Andrade even turned a little off their course so that the boy could see the sacred falls that cascaded down the mountain-side with a roar for a few hundred feet, to be caught by an eddy of wind and blown upward in a misty spray. Gradually Andrade, without any apparent intention, directed the conversation around to Jerry.

'You and that chap, Jerry Jayne, have known

each other before?' And there was only the slightest hint of a question in his voice.

'Yes,' the boy replied shortly, his aversion to Jerry instantly manifest. 'We came down from San Francisco on the same boat.' But he showed no inclination to discuss the subject further.

Andrade glanced at the boy out of the corners of his eyes, wondering how far he dared pursue his investigation. He had no desire to antagonize in any way old Colonel Gates's grandson, for the Colonel was a heavy stockholder in the Nanakuli Sugar Company.

'Jayne's a queer sort of a fellow,' he went on after a pause, as if feeling his way along. 'Only yesterday when every one was supposed to be down at the warehouse, I found him alone in the mill office.' Andrade had been careful to ride Tom's horse a bit off to one side of the road, so that there was no danger of their conversation being overheard by the others.

By chance Andrade had happened on the one thing that could have loosened Tom's tongue. 'Seems to be a habit of his being in places where he doesn't belong,' the boy muttered.

'You mean you've had some such experience?' Andrade urged him on.

'Yes, I have.' Briefly Tom told Andrade how he had twice encountered Jerry in strange places.

'He said he'd come down to my cabin after some pamphlets for Judge Dillon, but I'd like to know what he was doing hanging around my grandfather's place at Waikiki. He was hiding with his sister out by the entrance-way. When they thought I was going to call my grandfather, they beat it.'

A fiendish grin swept over Andrade's heavy features. He'd got the information he was after. 'Humph,' he grunted with an emphatic shake of his head; 'it pays to watch these quiet chaps. Doesn't sound as if he was exactly — honest.'

Back in the office a somewhat similar conversation was taking place, with Tarn as interrogator; but, in this case, Jerry, the responder, was showing far more reluctance in answering his questions than Tom had Andrade's.

'Who's the chap that looked as if he could bite off a nail?'

'A fellow named Gates.'

'Gates? You mean Colonel Gates's grandson?'

Jerry nodded, and went on with his work of labeling and dating the new samples of soil that had just been brought in to his department.

'Whew! He'll come in for a pile some day. His grandfather pretty nearly owns this place. Know him well?'

'Never said more than a dozen words to him in

my life. Say, you know this soil, taken from the entrance to the valley, where the men were working last week, is the richest of all. Great stuff — ought to grow fine cane.'

Realizing that Jerry had no desire to discuss Tom Gates, Tarn let the matter drop.

It wasn't until Jerry reached home and sat down to write his weekly letter to Cynthia that he allowed himself to think again of the coincidence that had brought him face to face with Tom again.

'... I couldn't believe my eyes,' he wrote, 'when I saw Tom standing in front of me. Strange, isn't it, that I should have landed here on a plantation that is half-owned by Grandfather. I certainly am glad that no one knows who we are. If I ever got a promotion, there'd always be some one to say that it was through pull. I learned from one of the stable boys that Tom is spending his vacation somewhere on this island. He came over here with one of the directors. No — don't worry, there were no casualties on either side. Didn't even have a chance to speak to him.'

At the mill next day, Jerry detected a marked change in Andrade's attitude toward him. Instead of bullying him as he had done previously, he was almost extravagant in his friendliness;

but Jerry was not to be deceived by this pretense.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon, Tarn tapped Jerry on the shoulder. 'Lay off, boy, it's time to quit. The tin Lizzy's at the door.'

Jerry's eyes brightened. 'Give me fifteen minutes more and I'll be with you. I didn't get these reports until a moment ago and I'd like to rush them through.'

'All right. Meet you outside by Charlie Chuck's garage. I'll send some one home with our horses.'

Jerry nodded and went on with his figuring. The great engines had ceased their monotonous drone. Peace had descended over the mill. Studiously Jerry worked, eager to be off with Tarn, for they had long talked about these trips that they were going to take together. But suddenly he became conscious of the rapid drumming of fingers on the desk beside him. He looked up to see the great hulking form of the mill superintendent hovering over him.

'Anything I can do for you?' Jerry asked, without rising.

Andrade shrugged his shoulders. 'Sorry, but — you're fired.' He paused, then mumbled, 'Manager's orders.'

Jerry never moved, not so much as an eyelash.

Afterwards he remembered that, at that very minute, Tarn had started up the Ford right outside the window of his office. It went off with a report like a pistol. Something inside of Jerry seemed to explode with it. His head was ringing with the words 'You're fired! You're fired!' He couldn't seem to think or see. He had a strange sensation as of waking up out of a bad dream, unable to throw off the effects of it. Then he got to his feet.

'Will you kindly tell me why I'm fired?' he demanded.

Andrade straightened himself. What a towering brute of a man he was! 'Come on, now, you know well enough why I'm tellin' you to get out of here. Go on! Vamoose! Clear out of town! Or else,' he added, leering up at him, 'explain why you were in Tom Gates's cabin one night, and also why you were seen hangin' around his grandfather's house! It don't take a very smart man to put two and two together.'

Jerry could feel the blood flowing into his cheeks. He gripped the edge of his desk with fingers like steel, to keep them from flying at the man's throat. 'Sorry, are you? Well, let me tell you that I know I'm not being fired because of these yarns, but because you're afraid of me. I've no doubt that you told them to the manager

UP AND DOWN OVER THE ROOM THEY FOUGHT

so that he thinks I'm dishonest, but, unfortunately for you, I'm not a fool.'

'Manager's orders, I tell you,' Andrade roared. 'And look here, I don't take any back talk from you.' A thick, unpleasant laugh broke from Andrade's lips, and, before Jerry was aware of what he was going to do, Andrade had caught him by the back of his shirt, and, spinning him around on his feet, shoved him toward the door. Like a wild cat, Jerry whirled about, and, leaping furiously at his assailant, pounded his chest with clenched fists. Andrade snarled with rage. In spite of his enormous size, he was as agile on his feet as a tiger. He and Jerry locked arms, they broke, and pommeled one another. Up and down over the room they fought. Once Jerry tripped over a wire waste-basket and struck his head on the corner of his desk. Andrade caught him by the neck of his shirt and shook him like a kitten. Jerry's head was swimming. Exerting every ounce of his remaining strength, he flung himself out of Andrade's reach. He could hear his opponent's breath become more and more labored, and, realizing that his only hope was to tire him out, he continued to strike out, undaunted.

Suddenly above the shuffling and scraping of their feet came the quick, imperative voice of Tarn. 'What's up, you two idiots?' And Jerry

found his friend's lanky form wedged in between him and Andrade.

Andrade lurched back against the wall. 'You'll pay for this!' he blew between a mouthful of foul curses.

Nothing would have pleased Tarn more than to give Andrade a few punches on his own account. Instead, he took Jerry by the elbow and piloted him out of the office and into Fanning's Ford which was still emitting a series of staccato coughs.

'Looks as if you had some idea of making a long stay at those burial caves I was telling you about,' Tarn remarked grimly, as they started away from the mill.

Jerry gave a rueful laugh as he felt of his swollen cheek. 'Guess I'd better go into training if I've got to spend the rest of my days defending my reputation with my knuckles.'

Tarn swore softly under his breath. 'What happened?'

'Andrade came in — said that he was sorry — but that the manager had ordered him to fire me.' Tarn saw Jerry's lips tighten. 'Said it was because of — something Tom Gates had told him about me.'

Tarn's brows arched in surprise. Then he hadn't been mistaken about that look!

'I knew right away then why Andrade had pretended to be friendly all morning. He didn't want me to suspect that he was the one that wanted me discharged. Well, I guess I lost my head and saw red for a while. You know the rest.'

'All I say is you had nerve to tackle that old battle-scarred ox! The question is, What are we going to do now?'

'My hands are tied.'

'Why?'

Jerry hesitated, and without looking at Tarn he said slowly, 'because I couldn't explain the things that Tom Gates accused me of.'

'Well, boy,' Tarn said softly, 'you're out'er luck if any one in the Gates family is down on you. The old man controls about every industry in the islands.' Tarn didn't urge Jerry to go on with his story, though he couldn't help wondering what it was all about. He had absolute faith in the boy, and knew that, when the proper time came, Jerry would confide in him. It never even occurred to Tarn that there might be any truth in whatever Tom's accusations were.

Jerry didn't leave the plantation until the following morning. He and Tarn breakfasted early. Chang, when informed of his intended departure, went about muttering to himself as

he cleared away the soiled dishes. Jerry had often marveled at the dexterity the Chinaman displayed in balancing a stack of dishes. He had often had visions of some day having to dig him out from under an avalanche of broken crockery, but so far Chang had shuffled in and out from the table to the kitchen without mishap. His mutterings of the present moment were meant as a compliment to Jerry. He had become as devoted to Jerry as he was to his master.

'I've half a mind to pull up stakes and go along with you,' Tarn said, as Jerry swung his knapsack into place on his shoulder and adjusted the strap that held it.

'That's good of you, Tarn, but you mustn't think of such a thing. Your job is to stay right here. You're in line for promotion now.'

'I've got a better reason than that for staying on,' Tarn broke in. 'I'm going to play detective for a bit. And, believe me, when I get the dope on the old boy, the manager's going to hear the whole story straight from me. You'll be coming back one of these days, and don't you forget it, or my name's not Tarn McGraw.'

There followed a quick clasping of hands, a friendly slap on the back, and Tarn's voice, a trifle husky, saying, 'Promise me that if you're ever short of hard cash, you'll let me know.'

'Authors are always supposed to starve a while before they can become famous,' Jerry replied, trying to appear cheerful, 'but I promise.'

He and Tarn had talked late into the night, discussing his next move. Remembering a letter that he had received recently from Professor Norton, in which that famous botanist had asked him to gather and send him all possible information about the silver sword, and the still rarer plant called by the natives the *ahinahina*, Jerry had decided to take this opportunity to climb to the summit of Mauna Kea in search of this strange plant. And in the hope that they would somewhere find a publisher, he would write a number of articles suitable for a boy's magazine about all that he saw and experienced on the way.

Now, as Jerry gripped Tarn's hand in farewell, he saw curiously enough his father's painting — the sun streaming through the autumn trees, turning everything to mellow gold. Eagerly he looked through the open doorway of the shack. It was not autumn beyond, but eternal summer. He could see a patch of the sky, blue as turquoises. Across it floated wisps of clouds, like galleons adrift on a far sea. Below him a tiny village shimmered in the sun. 'Sun gold,' Jerry thought to himself; but aloud he said, 'They can't take that from me,' and he strode through

the door with a firm step and out into the open, stopping only long enough to say farewell to the horse that had served him so well these few months, before striking into the main highway.

CHAPTER XIV

OLEANDERS IN BLOOM AND A WILL-O'-THE-WISP

When Jerry's letter telling of his sudden departure from the Nanakuli Plantation reached Cynthia, she was sitting in the garden of Halehoomaha. Jack had come for her and Miss Corbett, as he had promised. Miss Corbett was settled comfortably in a steamer chair on the lanai, reading or dozing. Cynthia herself had just returned from a canter to the grazing lands, where she and Jack and Dr. Ted had watched the cowboys make their start up into the mountains after wild cattle. Jack, who was free for the rest of the morning, had suggested a game of tennis, but Dr. Ted had been detained because of an emergency call from the home of one of the ranch hands. A little child lay desperately ill there.

Dr. Ted was very solemn when he came to explain to Cynthia why he would be late for the tennis game. It was the first time he had been called upon to exercise his own judgment in a case. Cynthia watched him dash off in Jack's car with his pigskin bag beside him, and she felt herself suddenly feeling terribly proud of him.

Sitting there alone in the garden, she was trying hard to picture what was going on in Manuel's cottage. She found herself wishing that she was a nurse instead of a school-teacher, so that she might be rustling about the sick-room in a crisp white uniform, handing Dr. Ted whatever he needed. He had such nice grave eyes, and his hands — they were the hands of a man destined to be a great surgeon — long and slim, but very firm.

'A penny for your thoughts?' And Cynthia, rousing herself from her pleasant reverie, found Jack sprawled in the grass at her feet. In his hand he held a letter.

'For me?' inquired Cynthia.

Jack grinned mischievously. 'You don't get it until you tell me what's making your eyes shine like stars.'

'Are they?' Cynthia parried.

'Yes. 'Fess up. What's making 'em?'

'Supposing I won't tell?'

'You don't really need to. I know!' Jack announced, and Cynthia felt her cheeks grow scarlet.

'You seem very sure of yourself.'

'Well, I hoped that it would happen.'

'Hoped what would happen?' Cynthia persisted, a little breathlessly.

'That you and Ted would fall in love.'

Cynthia's hand flew to her heart. 'But — but you're being absurd,' she stammered unconvincingly. 'Dr. Ted and I have known each other for only thirty-six hours.'

Jack's smile broadened. 'So you have kept track of the hours?' he teased. 'A very good sign. A very good sign. Very well, you've answered my question in a roundabout way. Here's your letter.'

'It's from Jerry,' Cynthia said happily, glancing down at the familiar handwriting. Then she tore open the envelope and took out the single sheet that it held. Jerry's letters always were short, concise accounts of the events of the week, but this was even shorter than usual. When Cynthia finished reading it, she sat very still.

'Anything the matter?' Jack asked gently, noting the troubled look that had suddenly clouded her eyes.

'Jerry has left the Nanakuli Plantation. He says he will explain why when he comes to Laniakea for Christmas.'

'Where is he now?'

'On his way up Mauna Kea. He's going up to see if he can get some specimens of the silver sword.'

'Then why the blue funk? Botany is Jerry's weak point, isn't it?'

'It isn't that. I just don't understand. Jerry seemed so happy on the plantation. I'm afraid something dreadful must have happened to make him leave so unexpectedly.'

'What on earth could happen to a fellow like Jerry? Don't look so down-hearted. My hat's off to your brother. Whew! I wouldn't be shut up in a stuffy old office all day for a fortune.'

Cynthia forced a smile to her lips. 'Why, of course, it's silly of me.'

'Say, look here,' Jack said with animation, 'now that Jerry's his own master, we're going to have a celebration. Dad wants to have a Christmas tree for the children on the ranch. Why can't you all come up here for the week-end, and after the tree we can have high jinks of our own? If Jerry can get here Friday, we'll go on to Hilo the next day and buy the presents. We'll take Miss Corbett along to keep us from buying too rashly.'

'I'd love it, Jack,' Cynthia replied warmly, 'for neither Jerry nor I have been to Hilo, but of course we'll have to talk with Miss Corbett first.'

'Oh, I'll fix her all right,' Jack laughed. 'She's

always game for everything. Perhaps we could manage to get in a trip to the Volcano House. Gee, I'd like to be with you and Jerry the first time you look into the crater. There's no use describing it to you. You've got to see it and hear it yourself.'

'Hear it?' Cynthia repeated.

'I should say so! It roars and rumbles and splashes and foams up like the waves of the ocean. It makes more noise than all the Fourth-of-July celebrations you ever heard put together.'

'You make me want to start off to-day,' Cynthia laughed. 'The question now is to get word to Jerry. He writes that he intends stopping at a place called the Proctor's Ranch. Do you suppose we could reach him there?'

'Sure. One of the cowboys from the ranch comes down to the Wailele post-office every other day. I'll go and get some paper and ink.' And, leaping to his feet, Jack dashed across the lawn to the house.

Cynthia watched him until a row of eucalyptus trees shut off her view of him. Then she let her eyes rove over the garden about her. It was fenced in to keep out the cattle. Like Topsy, things had 'just growed' — seeds carried by wind or bees had been allowed to germinate where they

fell. Roses crept between the palings of the white picket fence, and Chinese violets, escaping into the grass, made a path of gold between the gate and the lanai. From the branches of the trees hung long streamers of Arabian jasmine aglow with its tiny flowers that turn purple as they die. And there were oleanders, sometimes called South Sea roses; and custard apple trees, and hibiscus in profusion. Across one corner of the garden Cynthia could see a stretch of black lava, silent reminder of the terrible night when the fire goddess Pele had made her flight to the sea. Somehow this bit of barrenness served only to add to the charm of the unkempt wealth of the old garden. Jack's mother had adored it, he had told her, and so when she slipped away Jack's father had forbidden any one to change it. The weeds had been kept out, but otherwise it had been allowed to grow as it wished.

The click of the garden gate where the violets grew caused Cynthia to look up quickly. Dr. Ted had opened and shut it and was coming toward her, walking recklessly across the mat of golden flowers, crushing some of them as he went. He walked with the firm step of one who has confidence in himself. He had been gone a long while. The sun was overhead. It must be mid-day now, and they had come in from their ride at

nine. Cynthia got up and went to meet him, holding out her hand in a friendly gesture, and when Dr. Ted took it into his own, she laughed softly into his sober eyes. 'I know by your face that all is well.'

'I had to operate,' he said, with an attempt at professional calmness, but there was a triumphant note in his voice that he could not conceal.

'Tell me about it.'

'It was acute appendicitis. Dr. Murray is away and won't get back until to-morrow night. We couldn't wait. The district nurse is with the little fellow now.'

'I'm so glad for your sake that everything went well,' Cynthia said, with soft bright eyes.

As Dr. Ted led her back to her chair, she felt as if she were floating along beside him. She could feel the throb of her pulse-beat, and she was overcome with a queer choking sensation, as if she wanted to say a million things and could utter none.

The oleanders enveloped them in a wave of sweetness. It stirred in Cynthia a vision of a day long passed through the corridors of time. She saw Abigail Pearson, young and eager, standing at dusk, with the blue shadows creeping down the valley, in the mission garden. Beside her was the man with whom she had chosen to share

her life. There were oleanders beside them, shedding their perfume like a blessing.

'Dreaming?' Dr. Ted asked.

'What made you think so?'

'Your lovely eyes tell tales. Tell me your dream,' he urged, leaning a little toward her.

Cynthia looked past him to the oleanders. 'I was dreaming of Great-Grandmother.'

Dr. Ted drew back, disappointed. 'Is the present then so uninteresting that you must dwell on the past?' he asked.

'It's the oleander,' Cynthia tried to explain. 'Great-Grandmother was — *married* when they were in bloom.' Why had her voice quivered when she used the word 'married'?

Dr. Ted looked at her sharply. He thought he had never seen any one lovelier. The sun seemed to have gathered in her hair and touched it with gold. And there were amber lights in her wide brown eyes, and the pink of roses in her cheeks. 'I wish I dared connect your dream of the past with the present,' he smiled down at her.

The color rushed into Cynthia's face, and she laughed in pretty confusion. Then her quick ear heard Jack's footsteps crunching on the gravel path that led from the main house to the garden. 'Jack's bringing writing materials,' she

explained swiftly. 'We're going to write Jerry and ask him to join us here for the week-end; that is, if Miss Corbett has agreed to Jack's plan.'

'Then you're coming back for Christmas?'

Cynthia nodded.

'I was about to wish Jack in Jericho, but I won't now.' Dr. Ted grinned happily.

'What are you two plotting?' Jack's genial voice interrupted.

'I was just about to extract a promise from Dr. Ted to ride to Laniakea with Miss Corbett and me to-morrow. I want him to see Molina,' Cynthia answered, evading the question.

'You ought to have been a nurse,' Jack retorted, with a sly wink of his eye at the girl.

Cynthia blushed furiously. 'Hadn't we better get that letter written?' she asked.

'All right. I'll dictate. You do the writing,' Jack replied loftily.

At the moment that this conversation was taking place, Jerry was standing before a weathered signpost on the outskirts of Wailele, a tiny village three thousand ~~miles~~ above the sea on a plateau that stretched to the base of Mauna Kea, reading the inscription that it bore — '10 miles to the Proctor Ranch.' The

sign was turned at right angles to the road over which he had come, and at the bottom of it a small arrow designated a trail that was scarcely more than a cow path as the best route to follow.

With something akin to reverence, Jerry's gaze went from the sign to the titanic slopes above him. The lower stretches were densely wooded and cut by gorges, but these gave way to a sea of lava rock, centuries old, perhaps, that reached up and up to where the snow and clouds formed a dense white blanket. And he quickened his steps as he turned into the rough trail indicated by the arrow.

It would take him three or four hours to reach his destination. It would be dusk then, but that didn't matter. He would pitch camp somewhere and cook his supper before going up to the big ranch house whose hospitable doors, Tarn had told him, were always open to the traveler who wished to ascend the great volcanic mountain.

It was under a native cotton tree, aglow with sulphurous yellow flowers, within view of some of the ranch houses, that Jerry finally put down his pack. Gathering an armload of dead twigs, he built a fire, extracted a frying-pan from the sleeping-bag that he had purchased in Wailele, and proceeded to cook some bacon and eggs.

His supper eaten, Jerry lay back with his head

bolstered against the trunk of a tree, watching the coming of night. The sun had dipped below the horizon, and the sky was like purple velvet splashed with flame. Along the shore of the little half-moon harbor, far, far below him, lights sprang out one by one. Then he noticed that lights had begun to appear in the windows of the low-eaved ranch houses.

Kicking out the last sparks of his camp-fire, Jerry made his way to the nearest cabin. He could hear men's voices singing within, and he knew that the cowboys had returned from their long day of ranging the pasture lands. At his knock the voices ceased abruptly, and a man sauntered out to him. He was an Hawaiian of middle age, his face heavily seamed by his years of living in the open, his hair beginning to streak with gray. He was still wearing his chaps and spurs and sleeveless yellow jacket. His checked cotton shirt was open at the throat. A lei or wreath of tiny ilima flowers circled his neck.

'Aloha! Aloha!' he called out good-naturedly. 'Malehine, eh?' which meant 'Stranger?'

'Yes.'

'You want to go up mountain?' the man questioned further, jerking a thumb over his shoulder to indicate the summit of the great volcano.

'Yes. I stopped to ask about the trails and also to see if there's any way that I can send a letter back to the nearest post-office.'

'Sure! Keanonako going down to Wailele tomorrow. He take the letter for you. Now come with me. I take you to Mr. Proctor.'

As the native started down the steps, his attention was diverted from Jerry by the sound of a loud, childish wail.

Against the moon Jerry saw etched the silhouette of a child in skirts to her knees and with her hair a-flying. The moon had come up as they stood there talking. For a moment it had looked like a huge silver balloon caught in the tangled arms of a koa tree. Then it had wrenched itself free and floated triumphantly up into a star-strewn sky.

'Oh, Mailau, Kiki has run away again,' the child sobbed, as she stumbled against Jerry and into the protecting arms of the big native cowboy.

Mailau tried to soothe the child by a rapid flow of native words, in which he promised to ride forth after her dog, the errant Kiki.

'Who's here?' the child questioned inquisitively, realizing that she and Mailau were not alone.

'Malehine going up mountain,' Mailau offered.

'Hurrah! Now we'll have waffles for breakfast. Sing always makes 'em for company.' And the child gave a low chuckle of delight. 'What's your name, anyway?'

'Jerry Jayne.'

'Jerry Jayne?' she repeated slowly. 'I like your name.'

Jerry laughed. 'Turn about's fair play,' he reminded her. 'What's yours?'

'Oh, mine's Nadine, and I'm 'most ten.'

'Not really?' Jerry echoed in simulated astonishment. 'That's terribly old, isn't it?'

Nadine turned her candid eyes straight at Jerry. She wasn't sure whether he was laughing at her or not. 'I'm not so old as Charlie, or Grant, or Lenny,' she announced solemnly after her inspection of the newcomer.

'Who are they?'

'Oh, bother, they're my brothers.'

'So you don't like boys much,' Jerry smiled.

'Not always,' Nadine answered frankly. 'Not when they tease things.'

'Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo!' came a call.

Nadine sighed resignedly. 'That's Lenny now. I suppose he's coming to tell me it's bedtime. Well, we might as well go in. I'll race you to the house. Uncle Jo is here, so you'll have to sleep in the blue room.'

'I'm afraid, young lady, that you are taking things rather for granted. I'm camping out down the road a bit. I've got a sleeping-bag ——'

'What? Aren't you going to stay with us?' Nadine asked in surprise. 'Everybody does. Dad and Mother won't like it if you don't, and — oh, dear, there won't be waffles unless you stay.'

'But I haven't been invited.'

'You don't need to be invited. You're just expected,' came the quick reply. The spirit of hospitality had been early inbred in this youngest member of the Proctor family.

'You make it hard to refuse.'

'Then let's race,' Nadine suggested, taking this as an acceptance.

The moonlight was very bright now. It flooded the landscape with a mellow radiance. It cast long grotesque shadows of Nadine and Jerry on the grass, which brought forth bubbles of laughter from the child.

Even in this light Jerry could see that Nadine was a slender lithe creature with sparkling eyes. He wasn't sure of their color. Later he found them to be that unusual blue that reminds one of corn flowers. There was no doubt about her hair. It was black as ebony. She wore the front of it cut in bangs. It was caught back on the

nape of her neck with a barrette. Then it widened and flowed down over her shoulders like a jet-black cloud.

'All right. We'll race,' Jerry replied. 'I'll give you a head start as far as that first tree.'

'Oh, no!' Nadine cried out, shaking her head vigorously.

Jerry hastened to make amends as best he could. 'You see, I wanted an excuse in case I was beaten. I used to be on the track team, but I'm all out of practice.'

Nadine gave a low chuckle. Somehow she knew that Jerry wasn't the kind who sought excuses.

'On your mark!' warned Jerry, and the two of them toed an imaginary line. Nadine's bare feet looked so small beside Jerry's heavy boots. 'Set! Go!'

As if blown by a sudden gust of wind, or carried on invisible fairy's wings, Nadine darted across the velvety lawn. Jerry followed close after her. He would have liked to stay behind her, watching her, but, because she had spurned his offer of a head start, he knew that she meant this to be a real race. He increased his speed. Nadine was within reach of him now. She had flung her hands over her head in an ecstasy of delight, and her face was tilted to the moon.

Somehow she made Jerry think of a will-o'-the-wisp with her fluttering skirts and streaming hair. In another minute he had passed her.

As Jerry neared the goal for which they were racing, a cloud that for some time had been trailing across the sky veiled the moon in sudden darkness and hid from his view an old half buried stump that lay in the way. The next minute he went sprawling over it, but by stretching out his arms he could just touch the steps of the ranch house with the tips of his fingers.

It was a low house, with ells and wings, spreading out into the shadows, all built around a central patio, after the fashion of the early houses of California. The patio was lighted by hanging oil lamps. As Jerry regained his feet, he saw that the patio was filled with growing things — great tubs of fishtail ferns, begonias, and swinging baskets of moss and maiden's-hair, and here and there a curious cactus-leafed plant that derived its nourishment from the air.

Nadine reached the goal shortly after Jerry did. 'You won, you won!' she panted, and flopped down on the steps beside him. 'Hurt yourself?' she asked solicitously.

'Not a bit. I must have been blind as a bat, though, not to have seen that old stump.'

'Hello! What's all this?' rumbled a voice from the depths of the patio.

'Oh, Daddy, it's Jerry,' Nadine announced.

'And who in the dickens is Jerry?'

And Jerry saw a tall, stockily built man with a close-clipped Vandyke beard approaching them.

'I don't wonder you ask, sir,' Jerry addressed him. 'I didn't make a very dignified entrance. I am Jerry Jayne, sir.'

'Come in. Any one else with you?'

'No, sir, I'm alone.'

'Not going up the mountain, then?'

'Oh, yes, indeed, sir. I just stopped to ask about the trails and to find out how long it would take me to make the round trip.'

'You're a stranger in these parts, aren't you?' Mr. Proctor asked.

'Yes, sir. I've only been in the islands about three months.'

Mr. Proctor shook his head. 'I wouldn't advise you to take this trip alone — too many pitfalls. I'll send Mailau up with you. He's the finest guide in the islands.'

'That's very kind of you — but I feel that I can't impose on ——'

'Bosh!' sputtered Mr. Proctor. 'You'd better make an early start while the weather holds.

Here, Nadine, run down and tell Mailau to have his own horse and Colonel saddled at eight in the morning.'

'All right, Daddy,' And Nadine was gone, engulfed in the shadows, and laughter, sweet as the song of the skylark, trailed in her wake.

Charlie, Grant, and Lenny, hearing a stranger's voice, all presented themselves for introductions. They were healthy young animals with close-cropped hair, sunburned skins, and a varying assortment of freckles. The formality of an introduction once over, however, they entered into a playful scrimmage in which Lenny was worsted and forced to kneel to Grant and utter the words 'I admit, O Majesty, thy superiority over me.'

'Louder!' demanded Grant after Lenny's first trial.

'I admit,' bellowed Lenny, choking with laughter, 'I admit, O monkey face, thy inferiority to me.'

'Take that back,' demanded Grant, grabbing the boy by the collar of his jacket and shaking him as if he had been a puppy.

'Boys, boys!' And Jerry, looking up, saw a little lady with bright eyes and brown hair, barely touched with gray, come into the patio.

A little shamefacedly the boys scrambled to

their feet, Grant trying vainly to restore his collar to its usual crispness.

'Aw, say, Mother, why did you stop us just as I was succeeding in beating up Grant for the first time in my life?' Lenny questioned with a wink out of the corner of his eye at Charlie.

'Gee, what a whopper!' Grant broke in. He was never sure whether Lenny was serious or not. 'I was shaking the daylights out of him.'

'Boys will be boys,' Mrs. Proctor said philosophically, and going straight to Jerry took his hand, as she questioned, 'And this is ——?'

'Jerry Jayne, Mother,' Mr. Proctor supplied.

Toward nine, Uncle Jo appeared on the scene, hale and hearty, and ready for a tussle with the boys. He was seventy years old, and really their great-uncle.

'Glad to meet you, young fellow,' he said to Jerry; then, addressing the company, 'Where's the young lady?'

'Here I am,' Nadine called, coming into their midst with Kiki struggling in her arms. 'Oh, please, Mother,' she pleaded as a Chinese houseboy came in with a tray of sandwiches, bottles of home-made root beer, and cakes filled with citron and currants. 'Please may Kiki and I stay for the feast?'

'Oh, go on, Mother, let her stay,' Lenny spoke up in his sister's behalf.

Mrs. Proctor smiled indulgently at her daughter. 'Very well, for just fifteen minutes.'

'Goody!' Nadine laughed happily, and running over to Jerry shoved Kiki up under his nose. 'Isn't he beautiful?'

'Oh, very,' Jerry answered promptly, though for the life of him he couldn't tell where the creature's head was. He was just a bunch of curls.

'He's beautiful, but, oh, he's so bad. He chases the chickens, and he's always getting himself all muddied up in the creek.' As she spoke, she buried her own cheek in the dog's silky coat.

'And yet you love him,' Jerry smiled down at her.

'Oh, yes,' she answered, a little surprised at his question, 'of course. We're pals.'

'I hope we're going to be pals, too,' Jerry went on.

That same look of wonder filled her eyes. 'Why, we are already, aren't we?' And she broke off a piece of her sponge cake and made Kiki sit up and beg for it.

There was a warning shake of Mrs. Proctor's head. 'Time's up, you know.'

Nadine jumped to her feet. 'Kiki and I'll

knock on your door when breakfast is ready,' she smiled at Jerry. After kissing the entire family, she ran indoors. An oil lamp overhead shed a pool of soft golden light around her. Never had Jerry seen such black hair.

It was Mr. Proctor himself who a little later in the evening insisted on showing Jerry to his room. 'Make yourself at home,' he said, as he pushed open a door into a great square bedchamber. 'You'll find all your things in the closet. Mailau went down after them. Out there,' he added, pointing through an open window through which stole a soft breeze, 'is what I call my million-dollar picture.'

Jerry looked out into the night. Only a few scattered lights twinkled below him.

'In the morning you will see the beautiful Kohala Range on your right — the oldest range in all the islands — and Mauna Loa on your left with the Pacific in between.'

And then Jerry was left alone in the big room, with its comfortable chairs, and four-poster, and polished writing-desk. But the man who had gone out of it had pervaded it with a sense of friendliness. Within a short space of time, Jerry had experienced the two extremes of human nature, the best and the worst that is in man.

Far into the night the lamp in Jerry's room

burned and the feverish scratch of a pen could be heard. Words flowed from him with astonishing ease. Page after page Jerry wrote, describing in a delightful manner the highways over which he had come. Ever since he could remember, the outdoors had reached some hidden chord within him and set his blood a-tingle. He loved the wind and the sunshine, and the sudden violent storms of the tropics. Nothing was too big or too small to escape his notice. He was as interested in the dusty wayside weeds as he was in the night-blooming cereus, brimming stamens of gold. As he wrote, he lived again every minute of the days since he had left the Nanakuli Plantation. At last he stopped, and stood staring down at the pages that still remained blank. What future tales would they tell — what discoveries, what adventures? Life to-night was very dear and sweet to Jerry.

CHAPTER XV

JERRY MAKES A RESCUE

'WHAT beastly weather!' Adele said petulantly, pressing the back of one hand against her forehead. The air was oppressive — full of sticky moisture.

'Kona storm brewing,' old Dr. Billings predicted, as he appeared behind her on the lanai. 'We can't have sunshine all the time, can we, Mother?' he continued, turning to assist a charming silver-haired lady up the steps that led from the garden. Her arms were full of flowers that were still wet with the dew.

'I'm afraid we'd all dry up and blow away if we didn't have a bit of rain once in a while,' Mrs. Billings laughed. 'Here, dear,' she added to Adele, 'you have such a knack about arranging flowers: I'm going to ask you to put these in a bowl for me.'

Adele sprang to her feet, the frown suddenly vanished from her forehead. 'They'll be lovely in that old blue jar I saw in the den. I'll get it.'

Mrs. Billings watched her go into the house. She moved with such amazing swiftness and grace.

Adele had been surprisingly agreeable since her arrival in Manuwai. Usually Mrs. Billings was reduced to a state of nervous exhaustion before the end of her visits, and only endured them because the Doctor and Colonel Gates, who had been bosom friends since their college days at Harvard, looked forward with such boyish enthusiasm to these annual meetings, that she didn't have the heart to discourage them.

'Will you tell me what miracle has caused this great change in Adele?' Mrs. Billings now questioned her husband.

'Hey?' the Doctor inquired, looking at his wife over the tops of his spectacles. It was quite obvious that he hadn't noticed any marked difference in Adele. Like his wife he suffered the presence in his house of both Tom and Adele simply because they were the grandchildren of his old and dearest friend.

There was no one keener than the Doctor when it came to diagnosing one's ailments, but it was his wife who had the keenest insight into people's hearts. And so now she was the first to observe Adele's awkward little attempts to please her grandfather. But because she was very wise, Mrs. Billings gave no sign that she saw.

Adele returned shortly with the jar that she

sought, and, as soon as she had finished arranging the flowers in it, breakfast was announced. The Colonel and Tom joined them.

Breakfast was served on the open lanai, from which they could look out across the picturesque village with its backdrop of purple and blue-tinted hills and its waterfalls that poured streams of water into the blue Pacific.

'I'm going to ride over to Jack McLean's this morning,' Tom announced between courses.

'Better wait another day, Tom,' Dr. Billings suggested, hearing the first drops of rain spatter down on the banana trees. 'You'll get a ducking if you don't. Roads around here get pretty nasty when they're wet.'

Tom shrugged his shoulders. He had no intention of sitting around this sleepy, stupid old house another day. He'd got to do something or explode.

No one noticed the sudden narrowing of Adele's eyes at his statement, nor saw her jab her spoon viciously into the slice of papaya before her; but the minute that breakfast was over, she sought a word with Tom alone.

'Tom, you're not going over there,' she said in a husky tone that betrayed her emotion.

'Why not?' Tom asked shortly. He was busy adjusting the carburetor of his motor-cycle.

'Of course you know that I didn't write Jack we were coming here because of that snippy little note he sent me in answer to my invitation to the dance at Haleiwa,' she said, her eyes beginning to flash dangerously.

'Well,' Tom sputtered, 'you ought to have known he couldn't come. He told you so on the boat.'

Adele's lips pouted. 'Look here, Tom. I've got a good deal better reason than that for not wanting you to go there.'

'Well?'

'I saw Jack out horseback riding with that — that Jayne girl yesterday.'

In all their lives Tom and Adele had never failed one another at a critical time. Though Adele had never put it into words, Tom was perfectly well aware that Jack McLean was the only boy of their acquaintance in whom Adele had ever shown anything more than a passing interest. Without looking up at his sister, he said now, 'Guess I'll go on to Fishers' instead.'

Tom put on a raincoat, but refused Mrs. Billings's offer of a rainhat. He hoped it would storm. There was nothing he liked better. When he was a little boy, he could remember standing for hours at a time with his nose flattened against the window-pane, watching the great drops

splatter down. Not even thunder and lightning would frighten him away from his post. He would shiver with delight at every crash, because it was years before he discovered that a thunderstorm was something more than a lot of giants playing at ninepins up in the sky.

In Hawaii the rains generally come in December, January, and February, and this is the only sign by which the islanders know that winter has arrived. The temperature rarely drops more than a degree or two below the average for the year. The trees keep their leaves all the year round; all but the queer twisted plumarias, and the poinciana trees.

Tom had scarcely left Manuwai behind him when the low-hung, moisture-filled clouds broke. Raindrops splattered down about him, turning the red dust to mud, and forming turbulent rivers that foamed and frothed through the ditches beside the road. A squall of wind, driving the rain before it, whitened the waters of the ocean. The sound of the surf was loud, hollow, and menacing. A heavy swell was setting in.

Tom was forced to seek shelter under a lauhala tree.

Then, as it had come, the storm passed. The wind died away in a dozen or so fitful gasps. The rain ceased and the hot sun was soon blazing

down, drying up the streams and puddles. Tom, pulling his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped away the moisture from his forehead. Then he remounted his motor-cycle, and, opening the throttle, bounded on his way.

The speedometer showed forty-five. Tom accelerated his motor, and watched it rise to fifty, promising himself that as soon as he struck a long open stretch of road he'd try it at sixty. He pictured himself on a race-track. Gad, what fun! He was leading 'em all now. Leaning slightly to one side, he took a curve at top speed. It blew the cobwebs right out of a fellow's brains to bowl along like this. There was something thrilling about it.

Then suddenly Tom's heart skipped a beat. Directly before him, completely blocking the road, lay the stripped and mangled branch of an algaroba tree that had been broken off by the wind. Instinctively Tom jammed on the brakes and swerved his machine violently to avoid it; but as he did so, his wheel skidded and with a splintering crash the motor-cycle tore through the low picket fence that guarded the outer edge of the curve. There was a piteous cry, and all was silent again.

It was Jerry who found Tom. He was returning to Laniakea after his successful climb to the

highest peak of Mauna Kea, where in a little hidden hollow he and Mailau had come upon a thicket of glittering silver swords. Even now, as Jerry walked along, he was remembering the sunrise from the topmost point, over thirteen thousand feet above the sea. He had wakened to find himself above the clouds with only the tips of the other snow-capped mountains of the island surging above them. Then gradually the clouds had begun to stir, billowing upward. It had been like the rising of a curtain in some great theater, for soon he and Mailau found themselves sitting on the rim of a huge platform with cinder cones pointing upward like giant fingers. And far, far away the other islands of the group lay outspread in the peacock-blue waters.

Had it not been for the algaroba branch that had caused Tom's disaster, Jerry might have passed along his way, unaware of the tragedy that had just taken place. But realizing that it was a menace to automobilists, he dragged it to one side of the road. Then he saw the telltale marks of a skidding wheel and the palings that had been ripped from the fence. Filled with apprehension, he peered over the edge of the cliff into the deep canyon below. An uprooted shrub or two, a vine, stripped and torn away

from the trunk of an ohia tree, a long bleeding gash in the earth, told all too clearly its silent tale of grim tragedy.

Jerry hallooed into the canyon, but only the faint echo of his own voice answered him. Was there some one down there now, battling, perhaps, for his life? There was only one thing to do — go down and find out.

Tossing his knapsack down by the side of the road, Jerry swung himself out over the edge of the cliff, and, making sure of his footing, worked his way downward. But soon he found himself confronted by an almost perpendicular drop of solid rock, ending in a thicket of small brush and ferns. Without hesitation, Jerry loosened his hold of an overhanging tuft of coarse grass, and plunged down the side of it. The sleeve of his khaki shirt caught on a jagged rock, and was torn into shreds from his shoulder to his wrist. There was blood on his sleeve, too, but Jerry was totally unconscious of it. In another minute he had crashed into the midst of the patch of underbrush. As he pulled himself to his feet, his heart bounded, for he had caught the flash of metal in the sun below him.

Confident that he was headed in the right direction, Jerry pushed on through an almost impenetrable tropical jungle, only to be faced

JERRY LOOSENED HIS HOLD OF AN OVERHANGING TUFT OF COARSE GRASS, AND PLUNGED DOWN THE SIDE

by a new difficulty. One more step forward would have sent him hurtling into a deep, narrow crack in the earth's surface, that evidently had been opened up years ago by the force of some earthquake. At the point where he stood, it was only some eight feet wide. He could almost leap across it. With sudden inspiration, Jerry caught hold of the thick stock of a vine hanging from a branch over his head, tested it to see that it would bear his weight, and moved several paces backward so as to draw it taut. Then, sprinting forward, he leaped into midair and swung himself across to the opposite bank; but in struggling to catch his balance, for he had landed on the very brink of the crevice, his foot became ensnared in a knotted root and he was pitched violently forward against a moss-covered boulder. Reassuring himself that there were no broken bones and that he was only badly bruised, he got to his feet.

He was in almost open country now. There were only a scattering of trees and a few low clumps of ti plants and guava bushes. Then suddenly Jerry saw something that made him forget his own injuries. Wedged firmly in the crotch of an ohia tree, not more than a dozen yards from where he stood, were the battered remains of a motor-cycle. One wheel was

missing, the handle-bars were bent and twisted, and the seat was broken in two.

A skylark, winging its way heavenward, let fall a melody of song. Otherwise, it was very still and silent in the canyon. With dark foreboding, Jerry ran down to the tree. Then he stumbled across Tom's body half-hidden by a clump of flowering ginger.

'Tom!' he cried out, dropping to his knees beside the boy. 'Tom, do you hear me?' And he put his ear to the boy's chest to listen for his heartbeat. Then swiftly he pulled his canteen from his shoulder and, opening it with fingers that trembled a little, he let the water from it trickle between the boy's parched and swollen lips.

The arrogance gone out of his face, Tom looked so very young. His eyes were closed, and there was an ugly gash across one cheek.

In response to Jerry's call, Tom stirred uneasily, and moaned, but made no attempt to speak.

'Don't worry, Tom. I'll get you back somehow,' Jerry said, as he gently wiped the clotted blood from Tom's face.

But it was with a feeling of utter despair that Jerry looked back over the way he had come. It would be a physical impossibility for him to

retrace his steps with Tom as an added burden. He was fully three quarters of the way to the foot of the canyon; the only feasible plan would be to get him to the beach in the hope that he could there summon some native fisherman to his aid. Directly before them lay a steep but smooth stretch of country covered with long lush grass. Jerry got Tom safely down by using his raincoat as a sort of sled. Save for an occasional moan, Tom seemed oblivious to all that was taking place. But soon Jerry was forced to abandon this method of transportation and get Tom up over his shoulder so that he could carry him. It wasn't so bad at first, but after a bit Jerry was conscious of a shooting pain in his right side. Gritting his teeth, he struggled on. The perspiration, trickling down his forehead, got into his eyes, stinging and blinding them. He could feel the blood rushing to his head, and he wished that he had the strength to shift Tom to his other shoulder. Every step that he took now was becoming more and more of an effort. What was the matter with him? He was getting soft. He thought of all those little brown men who worked in the plantation warehouse and scurried about like so many ants under a weight of three or four hundred pounds. And this boy that he was carrying couldn't weigh more than

one hundred and fifty! If only that pain in his side would leave him!

Then, just as he was beginning to think he couldn't stand it any longer, he caught a glimpse of a native girl staring at him through a parting in the trees, her great brown eyes wide with amazement. She was dressed in a single garment, a white holoku still wet from a recent plunge in the surf. In her hair she had tucked a crimson hibiscus.

Jerry called to her, but at the sound of his voice, she bolted like a startled deer. His heart sank.

'Wikiwiki, malehine pilikia!' The child's words floated back to Jerry's ears like a balm, for he knew then that she was summoning help.

Slowly Jerry stooped over and laid his burden on the ground. Then he tried to straighten up, but a sudden swift pain like a dagger's thrust cut through his body. With a sigh of disgust, he toppled over into the mud beside Tom. Darkness descended. Then he was with Mailau again, with the clouds rolling and tumbling about them. He dreamed that he was sitting on one of the clouds, drifting through space. That was when Hiku, the fisherman, in response to his daughter's cries for help, had come and, lifting him up in his strong arms, had carried him down to his hut by the sea.

'I've got it, Mailau,' Jerry cried out excitedly, trying to sit up when the fisherman laid him on a pile of soft mats in one corner of the only room the house boasted.

Hiku bent over him anxiously. 'What you got?' he asked, not knowing that Jerry was delirious.

'The silver sword, Mailau.'

Jerry must have slept for a long time, for when he at last opened his eyes, the shadows were beginning to lengthen. It took him a few minutes to gather his scattered senses together and recall all that had happened. A kind-faced native woman was sitting on the floor beside him, fanning him with a palm leaf. The instant she saw Jerry's eyes flutter open, she moved noiselessly across the room on her bare feet, and quickly returned with a calabash of polished wood in one hand. Without a word she slipped her arm under Jerry's shoulder and, lifting him slightly, held the cup to his lips. It was filled with the milk of young coconuts. Though it was almost sickeningly sweet, Jerry drank it down feverishly, for his lips were dry.

The woman offered him poi and salted fish, but to these Jerry shook his head vigorously. Then he tried to rise, but she shoved him back on his mats, and, calling to her daughter, spoke rapidly to her in Hawaiian.

'She says tell you my father, he take the other boy to the doctor,' the child said shyly, edging into the room, and leaning against the white-washed wall. 'Pretty soon he come back get you.'

Glad that Tom had got away without knowing who his rescuer was, Jerry made no further effort to move or to talk. He shut his eyes again and was soon dozing, and this time he dreamed of Cynthia; but was greatly puzzled because her eyes were the blue of corn flowers, and her hair was black as night. When he roused, with the warmth of his dream still upon him, he found the native woman sitting patiently beside him.

'I feel better now,' Jerry said, getting to his feet. 'And I guess I'd better go along, for it will soon be too dark to see my way. Thank you very much for letting me rest here.'

Again the native woman burst into a rapid flow of native words, and her daughter translated them, saying, 'Please, you stay here. My father take you in carriage to the doctor.'

Jerry smiled down at the earnest, upturned face. 'I'm sorry I can't wait, for I have a long way to go. I don't need any doctor. You and your mother have made me well.'

And to their consternation, Jerry insisted on setting off alone up the trail that the child told him would take him back to the main highway.

CHAPTER XVI

COLONEL GATES SEES A GHOST AND TELLS A STORY

'HELLO! HELLO!' Dr. Billings ejaculated, slowing down his big car and coming to a standstill, as he caught sight of the fence, splintered by Tom's motor-cycle as it took its disastrous plunge into the canyon. 'Looks as if there'd been serious trouble here. Guess we'd better investigate.'

The Doctor and Colonel Gates were on their way to Kamuela to have supper with an old friend. Now, as they got out of the car, fear gripped their hearts, for it was all too clear what had happened. Moulded in the dried mud were the marks of a skidding wheel that ended abruptly at the side of the road from where they could look down into the canyon.

With a kind of cold horror, the Colonel heard the Doctor say, 'That must have been done by a motor-cycle.' Could it be Tom down there, perhaps fatally injured? For a moment the light seemed to go out of the Colonel's world as completely as if something had obscured the sun from his eyes. Surely it was not for this that he

had lavished upon the boy the riches of the world! God forbid!

But the Doctor's voice — crisp, commanding — woke him from his stupor. 'Nobody but a goat could get back up this cliff. There's a passable road that leads from the next village down to the foot of this canyon. We'll get down there as fast as possible. What's that over there? A knapsack. Hum — not damaged in any way — no mud on it either. Perhaps some one saw what happened and has gone down into the canyon to help.' Then, shaking his head, he mumbled. 'If he went down over this precipice, I may have two people to mend instead of one. Nothing but a goat trail.'

For a second a flicker of hope had flared up in the Colonel's heart when he saw the name Jerry Jayne on the knapsack, but it was soon dashed by the Doctor's words.

'Guess we'd better take it along with us, anyway,' the Doctor ended, as he tossed the bag into the tonneau of the car, and climbed in behind the wheel again.

Dr. Billings in his big blue Marmon was a familiar sight from one end of the island to the other. Always inclined to be gruff and blunt in his manner, but with a heart of kindness, he was the friend of rich and poor, young and old. And

so a little later, as he turned his car into the road that led back into the canyon, he was not surprised to hear himself hailed by name. Pulled over to one side of the narrow road he saw a rickety two-wheeled break drawn by an old sorrel horse, and in it a native man of middle age, who was half-standing to attract their attention.

'It's old Hiku, the fisherman,' Dr. Billings said to the Colonel. 'Perhaps he has something to tell us.' Then his trained eyes caught sight of a huddled figure on the seat beside the native. In a flash he was out of his car and, with his peculiar rolling gait, hastened over to the break.

'It's Tom,' faltered the Colonel, following him.

They got Tom out of the break and laid him on the ground. He had not fully regained consciousness and, from the haggard, drawn look on his face, was suffering intensely. The Doctor's skilled fingers passed swiftly over his well-knit frame. 'Humph!' he muttered, as he discovered a small swelling at the back of Tom's neck. Then carefully he examined his eyes. They stared up at him with a peculiar, vacant expression.

'No broken bones,' the Doctor announced brusquely. 'And it's a miracle. Case of œdema, which has caused a temporary blindness.'

The Colonel gave a startled ejaculation.

'I said temporary,' the Doctor growled.

The Colonel squared his shoulders and stood stoically by, although Tom's moans were like knife-wounds in his heart.

As they transferred Tom to the rear seat of the automobile, the Doctor questioned Hiku as to his knowledge of the accident; but all the information the man could give him was what his daughter Konia had told him.

'So some one did go down after Tom,' the Doctor said, turning to the Colonel. 'Plucky devil, whoever he is. And you think he was not badly hurt?' he went on, addressing Hiku again.

The native shook his head a little dubiously. 'I think not too bad,' he explained.

'We'll get Tom home first,' the Doctor said. 'Then I'll come back after the other chap.'

But when Dr. Billings did arrive at Hiku's home, it was to be greeted with the news that the strange young man had left some time ago.

'Know his name?' the Doctor inquired.

Hiku shrugged his shoulders. 'Aole — no!'

'Thunderation!' Dr. Billings exclaimed. 'Why didn't he leave his address? At least I know his name — Jerry Jayne. Well, there's one thing, this island isn't so big that we can't find him. Didn't want to be made a hero, eh? We've got a lot to thank you for, too, Hiku. Tom's in pretty bad shape, but he'll come out

all right with care.' Then the Doctor stopped for a word with Konia and her mother, shook hands with the fisherman, and headed back for home.

The next morning, when Jerry awakened, he found that he had camped on the edge of a desert country. Raising himself slowly on his elbow, for the pain in his side was steadily growing worse, he could see behind him a strip of country that lay red and desolate. It was barren of verdure excepting for a few thick-leafed cacti, or wind-burned algarobas, but below him was a tiny village sheltered by wide-spreading trees. What a land of extremes it was! But how he had grown to love it all — the rugged mountains, the wild bleak stretches, the sun-blistered rocks that dotted the shallow reef waters, and the luxuriant foliage and flowers of the more fertile sections.

But he must not lie here dreaming any longer. The only food he had had in the past twenty-four hours was the coconut milk the native woman had given him. He had intended going back after his knapsack, for he had plenty of supplies in it; but he had miscalculated his strength. His one thought was to get to Laniakea as fast as he could.

Fortunately he did have some money with him, and at a Chinese shop along the way he purchased a tin of corned beef, some hardtack,

and a bottle of ginger ale. At the invitation of the proprietor, an aged, bespectacled old Chinaman, Jerry ate his breakfast on a stool at the counter. What a queer, smelly place it was! Beside him was a crate of ducks' eggs, each one caked in black mud so as to preserve it, and from the smoky rafters hung strings of lotus tubers that reminded him of white sausages. There were bags of small white onions and rice, crocks of preserved ginger, bottles of soy sauce, and innumerable things the names of which he did not know.

He got away from it all as soon as he had eaten. The stuffy air made his head reel. As he went down the steps of the shop and turned once again into the highway, an automobile drew up beside him.

'Going my way?' a cheerful voice called out.

Looking up, Jerry recognized one of the men from the Nanakuli Plantation whom he had known slightly.

'I'm going to Laniakea.'

'Fine! Hop in! I'm going clear through to Kinau. Two weeks' vacation for me!'

'Thanks,' Jerry said briefly, wondering whether this man knew of his dismissal from the plantation by Andrade. He was friendly enough.

'Had some sort of a spill?' the man inquired, as

Jerry took the seat beside him. He had noticed his torn clothing, and had seen him wince with pain when, in getting into the car, his shoulder had brushed up against it.

'Nothing serious,' Jerry replied, but offered no explanation, so that the conversation simmered down to a monologue. Chatting affably as they sped along, the man told Jerry about all the trivial little happenings on the plantation since he had left. Tarn had won the champion tennis match; there had been a dance down in the big empty warehouse to usher in the Christmas festivities; the bookkeeper was married after an engagement of seven years, and so forth and so on, until they came in sight of Miss Corbett's bungalow.

It was with a sigh of relief that Jerry went up the steps of it and rang the bell.

It was Cynthia who opened the door.

'Will you let a tramp in?' Jerry asked ruefully.

'Jerry, what has happened?' Cynthia cried out, running to him with outstretched arms. She saw at once that something was wrong, for his face was drawn and haggard.

'Guess I must be a sight,' Jerry replied, glancing down at his clothes. The native woman had washed the blood from the scratches on his arms and face, but his clothes and boots showed signs

of hard usage. 'Nothing to worry about, little sister,' Jerry assured her. 'Give me a chance at a bathtub, and after I've cleaned up I'll tell you everything that has happened.' And he leaned over to kiss her, but with a groan stumbled into her arms.

'Miss Corbett! Matsu! Quick! Get a doctor, please!' Cynthia cried out in alarm.

Almost instantly Miss Corbett was on the scene, and Matsu was running with pattering steps through the hall after water.

'There, there, child, we'll get him on the sofa. No time for tears.' But already Cynthia's self-possession had returned, and, although she was thoroughly frightened, she obeyed Miss Corbett's orders with her usual efficiency.

'There, now, keep these cold compresses on his head while I go and call the doctor.' And Miss Corbett, going into the hall, crossed swiftly to the telephone, took down the receiver, and gave the operator a number. 'Hello! Hello! Yes. Dr. Murdock, please. Away? Not until late? No, no, I must have some one immediately. No, thank you. Good-bye!' Then she gave a second number and in another moment was connected with Dr. Billings. 'Miss Corbett speaking. There's a lad at my house — looks as if he had had a bad fall. You'll come at once? No, I can't

give you any further information. He fainted before any one had a chance to question him. What? Very well. Thanks.'

'You're not to worry, dear,' Miss Corbett said, returning at once to Cynthia. 'The Doctor will be here as soon as possible. In the mean while we will make Jerry as comfortable as we can.'

Cynthia had no intention of yielding to tears again. Instead, she got her brother's muddy boots off and rolled his feet in a soft blanket. His eyes fluttered open for a moment as she did so, and he murmured, 'I'm all right,' and then drifted into a sound sleep.

Cynthia liked the brusque old Doctor the instant he stepped foot in the house.

'The patient's name?' he inquired, laying down his broad-brimmed Panama hat, and pulling off his driving-gloves.

'Jerry Jayne, sir.'

'Hey?' the Doctor grunted impolitely, shoving his spectacles back on his forehead, and Cynthia, thinking that he was deaf, repeated, 'Jerry Jayne, sir.'

'Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch,' he muttered to himself, as he went through the hallway to the room where they had moved Jerry.

Jerry was awake when they went into his room.

'Battered up a bit, aren't you?' the Doctor said, bending over Jerry and examining the bruises and scratches on his face and arms. 'Any more sore spots?'

'Guess I've wrenched my side, sir,' Jerry replied reluctantly.

'Humph! Couple of broken ribs into the bargain. Lucky thing you didn't break your neck. Never saw anything but a goat get safely down that precipice.'

Jerry sent a swift, searching glance at the Doctor.

In return the Doctor eyed him over the tops of his spectacles. 'I've just finished mending up another young chap who went over it on a motorcycle. Out there in my car is a knapsack with your name on it. Simply put two and two together.

'Look here, young lady,' he added, turning to Cynthia, who was standing at the door, her eyes bright with excitement and wonder, 'while I'm making a thorough examination of this lad, suppose you run out to my car, and tell the old duffer you'll find in it that our search is over before it's hardly begun. He can come in after a while and thank the chap who saved his grandson's life.'

Jerry jerked himself up in bed and reached out

his hand as if to stop Cynthia, but she had gone. 'Don't let her go, Doctor. Quick! You must stop her!' Jerry seemed so genuinely distressed that Dr. Billings said kindly: 'Don't want to be fussed over, eh? Well, my son, Thomas Gates, Senior, will never be happy until he has personally thanked you for what you have done. His grandson was pretty badly hurt, but with care he'll pull through.'

Jerry slipped back on his pillow with a groan. He could only lie there and hope that Colonel Gates would not catch the startling resemblance between Cynthia and their mother.

Quite unaware of the identity of the old gentleman in the Doctor's car, Cynthia hurried out to him. She was tremendously proud of Jerry. Dear, good old Jerry, whose last desire in the world was to be made a hero! Cynthia did not see Colonel Gates until she was within a few feet of him. The sun was hot, and he had been dozing, his chin sunk forward on his chest. At the crunch of her footsteps on the gravel road, he looked up quickly. Cynthia saw a startled expression sweep over his handsome face. Her own pulse began to throb violently, and it seemed as if her feet had suddenly become rooted to the ground.

'Cherilla!' the name quivered on the old man's lips. Somehow he managed to get out of the car.

As if he were in a dream, he moved toward Cynthia. Then he halted abruptly, squared his shoulders, as Cynthia had so often seen Jerry do, and the light went out of his eyes.

'Just a little trick my tired old eyes played on me,' he explained brokenly. Cynthia had not stirred. 'You remind me of one who was very precious to me — my own dear daughter.'

'Your own dear daughter,' Cynthia echoed the words, though she scarcely knew that she did.

'Oh, sweet child, she —— But there, there, of course you'll not be interested ——' He turned away as if he could no longer bear to look at her.

Impulsively Cynthia held out her arms to the old man. 'I am interested, I am, I am! I want to hear all about your dear daughter because —— Oh, Grandfather, Grandfather, don't you know me? I am your daughter's child.' What had become of her firm resolve to hate this man? Was it because she could read in his loneliness a penitence for what he had done that she felt herself being drawn into his arms?

Cynthia could see that her grandfather was trembling violently from head to foot, and she could barely hear the words that he spoke. 'Your mother — is she — here, too?'

Tears sprang into Cynthia's eyes. 'Mother died last spring.'

Silence; silence that rent the hearts of both with its memories. Then the tall man with the fierce white mustache, who had never faltered before, crumpled up in a heap on the walk. 'Cherilla! Cherilla!' he moaned, and all the pent-up love of those lost years was in that one word.

Down on her knees went Cynthia, sobbing. 'Jerry! Jerry!' she called, desperately frightened, for her grandfather looked so white lying there in the hot sun.

Jerry heard her call. Despite the Doctor's warning, he was at the window in a minute. 'What's happened?' he called out, though in his heart he knew what it was.

'Jerry, it's Grandfather. He saw me and thought I was his daughter.'

'Well, I'll be blowed!' Dr. Billings exclaimed, as he, with the aid of Miss Corbett, got Colonel Gates into an easy-chair in the living-room. 'Strong as an ox. He'll be as fit as ever in a few minutes.'

As the Doctor predicted, the faded blue eyes soon opened. Of the roomful of people, however, they seemed to behold only one — a lovely young girl whose red hair was like a candle-flame at dusk, and whose eyes, though they held laughter in their depths, were full of tears. The Colo-

nel held out both arms to her. 'Come here, my dear!'

With a cry of joy, Cynthia flew to him. 'Grandfather,' she whispered softly, 'Grandfather!' And then she found herself folded close in his arms, as if he feared to lose her.

In the early evening that followed, sitting on the lanai with the sound of the breakers booming across the reef in their ears, Colonel Gates told his story. The Doctor had allowed Jerry's couch to be moved out there. 'Fresh air is good for him,' he said, with a wink of his eye, and then he betook himself off for a long-promised visit with an old friend in a neighboring town. 'Lights out at eight,' he warned. 'I'll be back to carry you off home then, Colonel.'

A faint afterglow lingered along the horizon. It was like melted gold, a color that throbbed in the last rays of the sun. Gradually the shadows deepened. Matsu lit a lamp within the house. Through the half-open door it threw a pool of mellow light about them all.

'We were both alike,' the Colonel began, 'impulsive, sensitive. I had such plans for her. My whole world revolved about her. Her mother died when she was only a baby in arms.' The Colonel spoke slowly and as if it cost him a great effort to delve back into the dim dark years that

had taken away so much that was precious to him. 'I'm not begging for forgiveness. I only crave a little understanding.'

Time and time again as the Colonel talked, he would put out his long slim fingers and touch Cynthia's lovely hair, as if to reassure himself that she was of flesh and blood, and not a mere vision conjured up by his own brain. The moon had risen, and a stray moonbeam, filtering in through the feathery leaves of a tamarind tree, fell aslant her face and gave it an eerie look. She had changed her gingham dress to one of pale yellow silk. It caught and held the moonlight and enveloped her in a lustrous sheen of its own. 'We were on our way around the world. We were planning to go leisurely, spending a few months in Italy, Egypt, and Switzerland, and then returning by way of the Orient. But I had business to attend to in Boston, and so we made that our first stopping-place. We had been there ten days when Cherilla came in gay, laughing, never more beautiful, towing a serious-eyed young man behind her. "We are married, Dad," she announced, as if she were announcing nothing more astonishing than the fact that dinner was about to be served.'

Silence descended over them all for a moment, a silence broken only by the chirp of crickets and

the whir of the moths' wings as they flitted against the screens.

'I had been so absorbed in my business that I didn't even know when or where she had met the man. I see now that I had neglected her. Other things at the time seemed so much more important than madly chasing about the city, on pleasure bent. Of course, Cherilla was young and high-spirited and needed diversion. I was at fault in not seeing that she had it. But stop and consider, my children, how I felt when she brought in this unknown man and introduced him as her husband. I had had great plans for her. In that short interval they were all swept away. I was bitterly hurt and angry. I lost my temper. I said things I never intended to say. I presume that it was only natural that Cherilla should resent my words. She fled from the room, vowing that she would never come back until I begged her forgiveness on my bended knee.

'When they had gone, I realized that I didn't even know the name of the man she had married, and at first I was too incensed and too grievously hurt to care. It never occurred to me that Cherilla would keep her word. She had been brought up on the luxuries of the land, and there was nothing about the young man to indicate that he was bringing her riches. In fact, he was rather

shabbily dressed. He had the eyes of one who continually dreams ——'

'He was an artist,' Cynthia broke in breathlessly. 'He would look like that.'

Her grandfather smiled a little. 'Yes, I can well believe that he was one who could capture the flitting beauties of life with his brush.' He paused; then went on: 'Well, when I did come to the realization that my daughter was not coming back to me, it was too late. They had gone, leaving not the slightest clue to their whereabouts. I didn't know where they had been married. I made a systematic search of the license bureaus, and though I dread publicity — for I could not bear that the name of Gates should be dragged into the newspapers in a sensational manner — I hired detectives, and offered rewards. But the days dragged on without word of any kind from Cherilla.'

'They were married in Greenway, New Hampshire,' Cynthia said simply. 'They went abroad immediately so that Father could continue his studies. They lived in an attic room, but Mother loved it, for they looked out over the beautiful city of Florence, with its blue, blue sky, and its silvery green olive trees. That's where they both learned the meaning of sun gold,' she ended, leaning a meditative chin on her hand.

'Sun gold?' queried her grandfather.

Cynthia flushed. She had forgotten that it was partly because of him that her mother had had the need to discover the value of sun gold. But she went bravely on: 'We've always been poor, Grandfather, but Mother tried to teach us what she and Father first learned — that happiness is ours if we want it. Mother said the biggest thing was to want it enough. If we did, then we could find it in whatever we had — the trees, and the sky, and the clouds. That was our sun gold, and no one could take it from us.'

A sigh came from the Colonel's lips. Was he thinking of his own vast store of what the world called riches, and of the little happiness he had squeezed from it?

'Grandfather,' Cynthia went on very softly, 'if you cared so much, why didn't you answer my letter?'

'Your letter?'

'Yes, Grandfather. I wrote it without Mother's knowledge. But we needed money so desperately that I didn't care what you thought. You see Jerry and I had been told that the only hope of saving Mother was by an operation.'

The Colonel's head sank down on his breast. 'But, my child, I never got your letter. Tell me

exactly when you sent it and how you addressed it.'

By a careful comparison of dates, the Colonel figured that Cynthia's letter must have reached Honolulu shortly after he had taken his departure for Sumatra.

'As I expected to be away from home for six months or more, I had all of my mail forwarded to me. But the post-office service of these Far Eastern countries is not all that it should be. The letter was probably lost along the way. Because of the heat, I left Sumatra sooner than I had intended. Even yet your letter may reach me here. If only I had got it! If only I had got it ——' But words failed the Colonel and his sentence was left unfinished.

Cynthia guessed what was in his thoughts. 'Perhaps it would make you happier, Grandfather, to know that all the money in the world couldn't have saved Mother. She lacked for nothing, for we borrowed from a dear friend all that was necessary to give her every chance.'

'Whatever you borrowed shall be repaid a hundred times,' the Colonel spoke up quickly.

'That's kind of you, sir, but we were able to pay all our debts before we left home.' It was the first time that Jerry had spoken. He had been content to lie on his couch and listen. Like

Cynthia, he soon found that his resolve to hate their grandfather had crumpled away.

The Colonel's long fingers drummed slowly on the arm of his chair. He seemed lost in thought. Then suddenly he sat up and addressed both Cynthia and Jerry. 'Though you have found happiness without money, still I want you to know that you are heirs to a great fortune. Years ago I transferred a number of shares of Hauula Sugar stock to your mother. These shares have yielded big dividends and have gone on accumulating ever since, waiting for her to return home.'

At first Cynthia could not grasp the full significance of her grandfather's words. Then, with a cry of joy, she rushed to her brother, and, going down on her knees beside him, caught his hand in hers, and exclaimed: 'We're rich, Jerry, rich! Do you understand? Now we can buy back Little House and Mother's garden. We must keep it always as Mother's gift of sun gold to us.'

Hearing her excited words, the Colonel questioned Cynthia in detail concerning the sale of their home. Then, going at once to the telephone, he sent a wireless message to his lawyer in Honolulu, instructing him to cable at once to one Miss Caroline Appleton, Clayton, Massa-

chusetts, offering her any sum necessary to persuade her to relinquish the ownership of Little House; and informing her, however, that until further notice she could remain as an occupant of it, rent free.

As he came out on the lanai again, the Colonel said; 'I should like to see Cherilla's garden, too. As soon as your vacation begins, Cynthia, perhaps we can all make a flying visit back to your old home.'

'Oh, yes, yes!' Cynthia cried out eagerly. 'I can scarcely wait.'

'You do not wish to return there — permanently?' her grandfather faltered, a sudden fear seizing him.

For a moment Cynthia was silent. Then she looked up at him, smiling. 'No, Grandfather, not if you wish us to live here.'

Cynthia could not see them, for the Colonel was standing in the shadows, but there were tears in his eyes. 'My dears, I could not bear it if you should leave me now, just as I have found happiness again.'

'Then we'll stay, Grandfather. But'—and her eyes shone with joy — 'do you suppose we could find some one to take care of Little House and keep it open always so that any one who wishes may go there and sit in the garden and rest

and enjoy the flowers? Or, better still,' she went on, 'perhaps we could find a dozen or so children who need plenty of sunshine and good food, and let them live there until they are well and strong.'

'Splendid!' her grandfather agreed, beaming his pleasure at her.

Cynthia laughed softly. She was very happy. It seemed as if she couldn't wait to begin doing the things she wanted to do with the money that was to be hers. 'There's Molina,' she said, turning again to her brother. 'Now he can go to Honolulu and have the operation that the doctors advised. And, while he is convalescing, he can study with Mr. Hitchens, the sculptor.'

'And who is Molina?' her grandfather questioned, interested.

Very briefly and simply, Cynthia told her grandfather about the little native boy she and Jerry had pledged themselves to help.

The old man's eyes clouded with happiness. There was no doubt but that earth gold and sun gold would find a rare and harmonious blending in this exquisitely radiant young girl beside him and in her serious-eyed brother.

At precisely eight o'clock the Doctor's automobile drew up in front of the house. Cynthia wished that she could reach up and hold in her

grasp the hands of every clock in the world so that this night might go on endlessly. There was so much to say, so much to talk over, now that she and Jerry had reconstructed their opinion of the Colonel. She was loath to part with him; a little afraid, too, for she knew that there must come a day of reckoning with Tom and Adele, and she did not want her newly found happiness marred by a single dark cloud.

But the Doctor was obdurate. 'I've been more than lenient as it is. Plenty of days coming,' he reminded them. 'It's high time this young man was asleep.'

The Colonel rose apologetically. 'Surely! Surely! Stupid of me not to have realized it, but — well,' he ended lamely, 'this has been a most unusual day. Just one more thing, however, before I go. I have not yet told you that the boy whose life you saved, Jerry, is the son of your mother's only brother. He has a twin sister Adele. As soon as Tom is well enough, I shall bring them both to see you.'

Cynthia darted a swift, inquiring look at Jerry. Should she admit to their grandfather that they knew Tom and Adele? Could she do it without betraying the fact that their acquaintance had brought them nothing but unhappiness? Jerry returned her glance with a puzzled frown.

The Colonel, however, happier than he had been in years, did not notice their distress, and went on: 'They'll be delighted to welcome you as cousins. We shall come at the first possible opportunity.'

After Jerry had been moved back to his room and the Doctor had carried their grandfather off with him, Cynthia sank down on the floor beside her brother and nestled her head against his arm. 'It's all like a story-book,' she sighed happily — 'your rescue of Tom, and our discovery of Grandfather, or Grandfather's discovery of us, whichever way you want to put it. What do you suppose Adele and Tom will say when they learn who we are?'

'I wonder,' Jerry mused, a little crooked smile stealing over his face.

Then Cynthia got to her feet. 'I suppose I must obey orders, too, and let you go to sleep.' She bent over him and brushed his forehead with a kiss. 'I'm tremendously proud of you, Jerry.' Then going to the door, she turned and added: 'Do you suppose Molina knows that something very wonderful has happened to-night? Oh, Jerry, if only we can restore his health to him, I shall be so happy. He's just finished modeling the figure of a surf-rider. Miss Corbett is going to send it to the school exhibit in

Honolulu. Molina's so elated, he's nearly bursting.'

Through the window, Cynthia could see the twinkle of a light that came from the house where Molina lived, and she visualized him to herself — running, playing — like all the other boys, and a great peace stole over her.

'Good-night, Jerry.'

'Good-night, little sister.'

CHAPTER XVII

A COUNCIL OF COUSINS

'They ought to be here now in a few minutes,' Cynthia said to Jerry, as she glanced nervously at the clock over Miss Corbett's writing-desk. 'Oh, dear, I'm afraid we made a mistake not telling Grandfather at once about our meeting with Tom and Adele.' Her voice faltered as she spoke. 'You see, he hasn't told them about us. He wants it all to be a grand surprise.'

'There's no doubt that it will be,' Jerry replied.

Then they heard a motor stop, and voices told them that the Colonel and their cousins had arrived. Cynthia leaped to her feet. Though her cheeks were unusually pale, she looked very lovely in her lavender organdie frock, that was like lilacs in the sun. It was tight-waisted, with a full skirt and a bertha of fine shadow lace at the neck. By some sudden fancy she had pinned her auburn hair high on her head as her mother had worn hers as a girl.

The effect of her appearance on the three people who, an instant later, were being ushered into Miss Corbett's delightful living-room was

amazing. The Colonel, who had frequently remarked upon Cynthia's strong resemblance to his own daughter, was speechless, while Tom and Adele stood gaping as if a ghost had suddenly descended into their midst — as if the girl in the painting that hung in their grandfather's library at home had come to life and stepped out of her gilded frame!

The Colonel was the first to recover. He whisked his handkerchief out of his pocket, blew his nose belligerently, and stammered: 'Adele, Tom, my dear children, I've a great surprise in store for you. Let me introduce you to your cousins, Cynthia and Jerry Jayne, your Aunt Cherilla's children.'

Why in thunder didn't Adele and Tom smile, or say something, instead of standing there like a couple of stone images? 'Dash it all, Tom, where are your manners?' the Colonel demanded. 'It is Jerry to whom you owe your life. He went down over that precipice into the canyon and carried you to Hiku's house — with a couple of broken ribs, too.'

With a sickening rush, it swept over Tom why he had found Jerry in his cabin that day staring intently at the shelf upon which were the pictures of his own mother and father, and also why Jerry and his sister had sought out his grand-

father's house at Waikiki. He felt like a ship at sea in a fog.

His grandfather's voice boomed out at him like the warning notes of a buoy. 'Come, come, Tom. One would think that you didn't value your life very highly.'

Tom stumbled across the room to Jerry. 'I've been a bounder,' he gulped miserably.

What did all this mean? Slowly the Colonel's gaze went from Tom to Adele. She was still standing beside him, but her face was a picture of mingled bewilderment and shame.

'Have you lost your tongue, too?' Colonel Gates asked impatiently.

Adele walked mechanically toward Cynthia. 'I — I beg your pardon,' she said awkwardly.

'Please don't. It doesn't matter,' Cynthia said hastily. There were tears in her eyes. 'Jerry and I realize that we were partly to blame.'

'Will some one kindly explain the meaning of all these apologies?' the Colonel suddenly demanded. They seemed to have quite forgotten him.

Cynthia turned to her grandfather pleadingly. 'Perhaps Jerry and I should have told you that — we had all met before.'

'Ah, didn't want to spoil my surprise, eh? But that doesn't answer my question.'

Cynthia bit her lips. 'You see, Grandfather, Mother had told us about her old home—the—the gateway with the lions, and all that, so that one night we went out to find it. It was the night you were having a party for Tom and Adele. Well, we hid behind the lions and watched through the windows. Tom discovered us there, and of course thought we were trespassing. But it doesn't matter now, Grandfather.'

'Oh, my poor child, what a home-coming it has been for you and Jerry,' the Colonel said, putting his arm around Cynthia and holding her close.

'I'm sorry, Grandfather,' Tom began, then blurted out the whole story. He didn't look at the Colonel, but stood there, his whole body shaking with the sobs he would not utter.

It was Jerry who went to him first. 'Let's forget it,' he said magnanimously, and held out his hand to the younger boy.

This time Tom took it, and, as he did, he made a vow of allegiance to the one who had saved his life — a vow that was the beginning of a long and intimate friendship.

'Well, my lad,' the Colonel said, his own eyes blurred with tears, 'perhaps this will teach you a lesson, and so will not have been in vain. Your debt to Jerry has been increased considerably.' Then, as if he could no longer bear this emo-

tional strain, he turned to Adele: 'There's a violin there on the piano. Play for us, child, something light and gay.'

'May I?' Adele asked, turning to Cynthia.

'Oh, do. I know Miss Corbett would love to have you. It's very old, and has a lovely tone. Miss Corbett used to play herself, you know.'

Adele went quickly to the violin, and, tuning the strings, tucked it caressingly under her chin. With half-closed eyes she played Kreisler's Viennois Caprice. The notes of the violin soared and dipped and died down to a whisper that was like the touch of the wind in the trees. Tears were interwoven with laughter, and then came the sheer abandonment of joy, rollicking notes that made one want to dance — mellow notes that set one dreaming and made one forget that such things as sorrow and discord had ever existed in the world.

At last it was over.

'Glorious — it was glorious!' Cynthia whispered.

'I'm glad we're cousins,' Adele said abruptly.

'Hello! What's this? A council of war?' And there was Jack McLean in the door, and behind him was Dr. Ted.

Cynthia laughed gayly. 'No, indeed, it's a council of cousins.'

Jack scratched his head in exaggerated bewilderment. 'Explain yourself.'

'Oh, Jack! Jerry and I have been dying to tell you, but we felt we ought to wait until Grandfather had told Adele and Tom.'

'Your father will understand,' the Colonel broke in. 'Tell him that Cherilla's children have come home.'

Then a light dawned on Jack's face. He had once seen the portrait of the Colonel's daughter and he had heard of her elopement, though he had forgotten all about it. 'Hurrah for Cherilla's children!' Jack shouted enthusiastically; and in an aside to Adele, he added, 'And may we all be cousins some day!'

Impulsively Adele reached out and caught Jack's arm. She was breathing rapidly. 'Yes, I hope so, too. Cynthia — Cynthia's just the girl for you. I'm sorry for everything I ever said about her or her brother.' Then she turned abruptly away.

Jack hastened after her, and whispered in her ear: 'You didn't get me at all. Look over there, and you'll understand.' And he nodded in the direction of the big casement window that faced the sea.

Cynthia and Dr. Ted were standing before it, gazing into each other's eyes, oblivious to every

one else in the room. Adele heard Cynthia say something in a low and laughing key, and saw Dr. Ted catch her hands in his.

'Oh,' she breathed softly to Jack, 'I hope so, too.'

From his corner of the room, the Colonel looked from one happy face to another, and for the first time since he had lost his beloved daughter, he felt utterly at peace with the world.

'Cherilla! Cherilla!' he whispered the name to himself, and a tender smile lighted up his fine old face. 'Your children have come home.'

Then his smile deepened. Sun gold had again entered his life.

THE END

A KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF HAWAIIAN WORDS

THERE are only twelve letters in the Hawaiian alphabet, five vowels and seven consonants, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and *h*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *w*.

The vowels have the following sounds:

a as in arm
e as in they
i as in marine
o as in note
u as in rude

and the diphthongs *ai* as in aisle, and *au* as the *ou* in loud.

Every word and every syllable must end in a vowel, and except in the case of diphthongs every vowel is distinctly pronounced, thus: Li li u o ka la ni. With rare exceptions, the accent comes on next-to-the-last syllable. By remembering these two simple rules, any one can quickly and easily master the pronunciation of the Hawaiian language.

In the following lists, whenever two vowels occur in the same syllable, they are to be treated as diphthongs. The accent is marked only when it is an exception to the rule.

HAWAIIAN NAMES	HAWAIIAN WORDS
Ha wai i	Ae, yes
Ha le ho o ma ha	A hi na hi na, a rare plant
Ha na ma	A lo ha, greetings
Ho no lu lu	A o le, no
Hu a la lai	
Hi ku	Hau, a tree
Hi lo	Ho lo ku', a dress
Kai lu a	Ka hu na, native priest

Hawaiian Names

Kai u la ni
Ka la kau a
Ka le
Ka me ha me ha
Ka mu e la
Kau ai'
Ko ha la
Ko na
Ko ni a

La hai na
La ki
La ni a ke a

Mai lau
Ma mo
Ma nu wai
Mau i
Mau na Ke a
Mau na Lo a
Mi ka ha la
Mo a na
Mo li na
Mo lo kai'

Na poo poo (in this word the *oo* is sounded like the *oo* in moon)
Na na ku li

O a hu

Pe le

Wai ki ki'
Wai le le
Wai a nae'

Hawaiian Words

La nai, piazza
Lau ha la, a tree
Lei, a wreath (ei sounded like ay in day)
Lu au, a feast
Lu na, an overseer

Mai kai, good
Ma kai, toward the sea
Ma le hi ne, a stranger
Ma lo, loin cloth
Mau ka, toward the mountains

O he lo, a berry
O hi a, a tree
O ko le ha o, a native drink
O pi hi, shellfish

Pi li ki a, trouble
Po ha, a fruit
Po i, native taro food
Wi ki wi ki, hurry up

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